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**THE BRIGHTEST COMPANION
FOR LEISURE
HOURS**

PEARSON'S WEEKLY

(NOT A NEWSPAPER.)

TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

Vol. —No. 8.]

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

SEPTEMBER 13, 1890.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SUNLIGHT SOAP MONTHLY COMPETITION.

**PRIZES VALUE OVER
£600.**

FOR YOUNG FOLKS ONLY. Competitors not to be over 17 years of age last Birthday. These MONTHLY COMPETITIONS commenced on August 31st, and will be followed by others on September 30th, October 31st, November 30th, December 31st, and further notices. There is no element of chance in these Competitions, the winning of a prize depending entirely on the perseverance and trouble taken to collect the competitors. The Competitions are held every month, so failure in one does not discourage, but stimulates to a fresh effort.

SILVER KEYLESS WATCHES.
Value 44 ls. each.
Age (1 to each winner.)
14 to girls and 10 to boys
10 to " " " " " "
10 to " " " " " "

100 SILVER KEYLESS WATCHES.
Value 30s. each.
Age (1 to each winner.)
14 to girls and 10 to boys
10 to " " " " " "
10 to " " " " " "

TRICYCLES & SAFETY BICYCLES.		Value.	
Manufactured by Messrs. Humber & Co., Ltd., who have obtained 21 Gold Medals for excellence of work now on view at their depot, 32, Holborn Viaduct, London.			
No.	Age.	Value.	Value.
9	17	1 £21 to girls.	1 £20 to boys.
10	16	1 £21	1 £20
11	15	1 £10/10	1 £14
12	14	1 £10/10	1 £14
13	13	1 £10/10	1 £14
14	12	1 £9	1 £7
15	11	1 £9	1 £7
16	10	1 £7	1 £6 10s.
17	9	1 £7	1 £6 10s.
18	8	1 £7	1 £6 10s.
19	7	1 £7	1 £6 10s.
20	6	1 £7	1 £6 10s.
21	5	1 £7	1 £6 10s.
22	4	1 £7	1 £6 10s.
23	3	1 £7	1 £6 10s.
24	2	1 £7	1 £6 10s.
25	1	1 £7	1 £6 10s.

EXTRA PRIZES.—Unsuccessful competitors, who have sent in not less than 24 "Coupons," will receive, free of cost and postage paid, a facsimile reproduction (size 16 1/2 in. by 11 in.) of the painting, by W. P. Frith, R.A., exhibited in the Royal Academy 1889, and named by us, "So Clean." The Daily Telegraph, July 11th, 1889, says of it: "A charming little picture." When this picture is out of print, others will take its place. The Lady's Pictorial, July 19th, 1890, says: "The Sunlight Soap Monthly Competition encourages a healthy spirit of emulation among the little ones, and there is nothing of a chance or doubtful character about it."

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS COMPETITION.
2,000 PRIZES of 5s. each as follows:—Each winner may select whatever she or he wishes for a Christmas Prize in Books, Toys, Games, &c., to the value of about 5s. (a shilling or two over or under this figure will not matter), or may have 5s. in cash.
No. Age. Prizes.
17 17 125 to girls. 125 to boys.
18 16 125 " 125 "
19 15 125 " 125 "
20 14 125 " 125 "
21 13 125 " 125 "
22 12 125 " 125 "
23 11 125 " 125 "
24 10 and under 125 " 125 "



Full Name and Address on Post-Card for Rules to LEVER BROS. LTD., Port Sunlight, near Birkenhead. PURCHASERS, SEE THAT YOU GET A SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPER WITH EACH TABLET.

LESS LABOUR. GREATER COMFORT.

FRY'S PURE COCOA

This choice preparation of Cocoa is exceedingly soluble, and easily digested.

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GOLD MEDAL AWARDED, PARIS, 1889.

"Fry's Pure Cocoa is eminently suitable for invalids."—Medical Times.
Sir G. A. Cameron, M.D., President of Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.—"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well."
W. H. R. Stanley, M.D.—"It is the drink par excellence for Children."

Being exceedingly nutritious and easily digested, it forms a valuable Food for Invalids and Children.

To secure this article, ASK FOR "FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA."

43 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO J. S. FRY & SONS, BRISTOL, LONDON, & SYDNEY.

It makes a most delightful beverage for Breakfast or Supper.

Half a teaspoonful is sufficient to make a cup of most delicious Cocoa.

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ORIGINAL INVENTORS OF
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"MACINTOSH"
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EVERY GARMENT BEARS THE NAME AND TRADE MARK.

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Bottles 1/6, 2/-, 3/6, 2/4, and 5/-.
OF ALL PERFUMERS AND
CHEMISTS.



Hopgood & Co.'s
NUTRITIVE AND SEDATIVE
Hair Cream

The ONLY preparation for the Hair recommended by the Faculty. The Best preparation for the removal of Scurf, Irritation, Preventing Greyness and Baldness and producing a

LUXURIANT HEAD OF HAIR.

JOHN A. WALCOTT, M.D., M.R.C.S., says:—"I feel much pleasure in being able to recommend (with confidence) your NUTRITIVE CREAM in all cases of irritation of the Scalp, Accumulation of Dandruff and Loss of Hair, in each of which I have freely used it with UNFAILING SUCCESS."

LADIES are invited to write to LEWIS'S, in Market St., Manchester, for patterns of the **WONDERFUL VELVETEEN** at 2s. a yard.

LEWIS'S Wonderful Velveteen is well known all over the world. It is Fast Piled and Fast Dyed, and every inch is GUARANTEED.

Weldon's Ladies' Journal says:—"Lewis's Fast Pile Velveteen is the FINEST imitation of REAL SILK VELVET ever shown."

If a Dress should wear badly, or be in any respect faulty, LEWIS'S will give a New Dress for NOTHING at all, and PAY THE FULL COST FOR MAKING AND TRIMMING. The price of this beautiful Velveteen, in Black and all the most beautiful Colours now worn, is 2s. a yard. This quality Velveteen is sold by the best Drapers at 8s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 5s. 6d. a yard.

LEWIS'S manufacture this Velveteen and sell it direct to the public, and LADIES SHOULD WRITE FOR PATTERNS of this EXTRAORDINARY VELVETEEN, and judge for themselves of the wonderful quality.

Carriage paid on all orders to all parts of Great Britain and Ireland.

THE WONDERFUL

VELVETEEN AT TWO SHILLINGS A YARD.

DRESS MATERIALS for the Present Season.

Ladies who desire to be well dressed should write to LEWIS'S for Patterns of New Dress Materials; they will be astonished at the value offered. Write for Patterns on an ordinary Post Card. Please mention "PEARSON'S WEEKLY," and address in full—

LEWIS'S, in Market Street, MANCHESTER.

All communications with reference to Advertising should be sent to Advertisement Department, "Pearson's Weekly," Sell's, 167 & 168, Fleet Street, London. E.C. Publishing and Editorial Offices:—Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, E.C.

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REAL IRISH TWEEDS. TO TOURISTS.

During the months of August and September I will make from remnants of Season's Goods TROUSERS TO MEASURE at 8s. 3d. per pair, or two pairs for 17s. Carriage paid. If not satisfactory exchanged, or money returned. 10 per cent. extra discount on all orders over 10 pairs. Energetic and pushing young men could make a good thing out of this offer.

This is a rare opportunity for Tourists and others requiring real good hand-wearing pants. These goods have no equal for style, quality, fit, and finish at the money, being best wearing goods made.

In case of immediate haste, orders arriving in the morning, via Larne and Stranraer, can be made and sent on by same evening's mail via Larne and Stranraer.

Send for patterns and self measurement form to

D. TOWELL,
LARNE, & TELEGRAPH CHAMBERS,
ROYAL AVENUE, BELFAST.

P.S.—This offer will hold good to all parties having patterns out, and who are requested to return same at once.

All letters addressed to LARNE.

TO FAMILIES, RESTAURATEURS,
HOTEL KEEPERS & PRESERVE MAKERS

Pure Cane Sugar.

Warranted free from Beetroot and Chemicals. Enhances instead of destroying the bouquet of Tea and aroma of Coffee; is best for Fruit Preserving, Cooking and Dessert purposes, and though slightly dearer than Beetroot, is more wholesome and economical, and goes furthest. In 14lb., 7lb., 14lb., and 28lb. cotton bags, and 56 lb. 1 and 2 cwt. jute sacks. To be had from

GRAHAM, GRAHAM & CO.,
Wholesale Tea, Coffee & Cocoa Merchants,
9, MINCEING LANE, LONDON, E.C.
Samples and Price List on application. Terms, Cash. Carriage paid to all parts of the United Kingdom.

A LARGE CONSIGNMENT OF THE
BEAUTIFUL REVERSIBLE

PEKIN SILK RUGS

Size about 60 by 84 inches, in lovely combination stripes of Crimson, Sky, and Gold, offered this month at 4/9 each. They are made from waste silks, collected in the mills, and woven into Artistic Rugs. bright and handsome in appearance, besides being thoroughly serviceable in wear, suitable for Travelling Wraps, Carriage Rugs, Bed or Sofa Rugs, Portieres, Curtains, and other decorative purposes. Satisfaction guaranteed or cash promptly refunded, as they are well worth 12/6 each.

TWO RUGS for 9/8; Carriage 9d. extra.
FOUR for 18/-; Carriage 13 extra.
SIX for 26/6; Carriage paid.

Remember the stock is limited, and those who appreciate a bargain that is at once both useful and ornamental should lose no time in securing a few of these beautiful PEKIN RUGS, as such a chance may never occur again. Cheques and Postal Orders payable to

JOHN NOBLE,
THE WAREHOUSE, MANCHESTER.

1/6 STYLOGRAPHIC PEN. 1/6



Holds sufficient ink to write 20,000 words. Each pen is fitted with a silver point, and can be carried in the pocket, always ready for use. Has a regulated flow of ink, and glides over the paper as smoothly as a pencil.

Post free, 1s. 8d.; two for 3s. 2d.; larger size, and superior finish, (same as illustration), post free, 2s. 8d. Trade supplied.

P. W. WEBBER, Imperial Mansions, Oxford Street, London, W.C.

£20 CHAMPION PRIZE!

SOMETHING WORTH TRYING FOR!

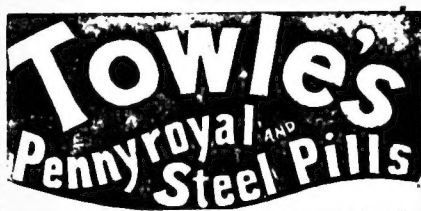
£200 in Prizes has been paid, including one Prize of £50!!

£20 £10 £5 £2 £1 £1 10s. 10s.

Will be given to the counting most correctly the letter "H" in the 24 Chapters of St. Matthew. Count letters "H" large and small, in verses only. Use ordinary Bibles, not revised version. State name on each chapter, and total of all. Note this—In case several send correct lists, the Cash Prizes, except the £20 Prize, will be equally divided. Then the winners only will have a more difficult counting task set them, and compete again for the "Champion Prize" until one wins. This championship will be carried out in exactly the same manner as the previous one. Give full name and address at top of Competition list. Competitors must declare they have received no assistance. Enclose 2 Postal Order and stamped addressed envelope for Printed Result Sheet, showing correct figures and winners' Names and Addresses. Competition closes Friday, September 20th. Prizes and results will be posted October 6th. Send lists early. Set to work at once and win the £20 Prize. Some one will have it! Address all letters—

E. L. LEWIN, 11, Tamworth Place, BRISTOL.

WANTED—EVERY LADY to send for the WONDERFUL PARCEL, containing 1 Beautiful Lace Apron (special value), 1 Lace Handkerchief, 6 yards Nottingham Lace, and 12 Engravings. Carriage paid for 1/6. A Packet of Beads presented with every parcel.—W. COTTON, Lace Manufacturer, Weekday Cross, Nottingham.

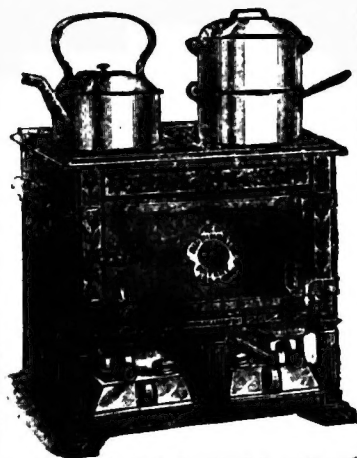


FOR FEMALES.

Quickly correct all irregularities, remove all obstructions, and relieve the distressing symptoms so prevalent with the sex. Boxes 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d., of all Chemists. Sent anywhere on receipt of 15 or 34 stamps by the Maker, E. T. TOWLE, Chemist, Nottingham.

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PATENT OIL COOKING STOVES



Save keeping a fire in Hot Weather, and are the most useful articles of domestic utility ever invented.

Three Meals a Day, for Four to Six Persons, can be cooked for a Penny.

Odourless, Smokeless, Portable, Safe, and Cleanly. Can be lighted or extinguished in a moment. Expenses cease the instant cooking is completed.

Superior to all for Roasting, Baking, Boiling, Steaming, Frying, Toasting, &c., in the most cleanly, economical, and successful manner.

The Largest and most Varied Assortment in London can be Seen and Tested at

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If you want to be permanently and speedily cured of this distressing complaint, discard prejudice, and write to THE SECRETARY, Burwood House, Burwood Place, Hyde Park, London. He will send you 'Gratis' full instructions for cure, and directions diet.

A NEW GAME FOR LADIES ON PARLOUR, SUITABLE FOR ALL AGES.

With India Rubber Vacuum Arrow, which will adhere to the Target, and indicate the score.

Bronze Pistol, 8 in. long, with Arrow and Target, 2/-.
Nickel-plated Pistol, 8 in. long, with Arrow and Target, 2/-.

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Agent for the Wholesale Trade—

LEWIS WILD,
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WITH EVERY 6d. AND 1s. BOTTLE OF
CRYSTAL PALACE JOHN BOND'S GOLD
MEDAL MARKING INK.

Requiring no heating, a Voucher entitling Purchaser to their name in full or Monogram Rubber Stamp for Marking Linen or Paper. 41 Gold and other Medals awarded.—Royal Ink Maker, Works, 75, Southgate Road, London. Your Nickel Silver Pen and Pencil Case, with name in Rubber, seven stamps.

D'RIDGES' PATENT FOOD

Exceeds all others for Infants & Invalids.

DR. ROCK'S FEMALE PILLS.—The most

Effective and on y Reliable. Nothing ever stands against them. Coated, tasteless, and QUITE HARMLESS TO THE MOST DELICATE CONSTITUTION. In 14d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per box. By post, under cover, 1d. extra. Of all chemists, or direct from the UNIVERSAL DRUG CO., 19 & 21, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

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Absolute Sale.
Fifty per cent. discount.
Ten Years' Warranty. Easy Terms.
Cottage Pianos, 8 gns., 10 gns., 12 gns., &c.

Class 0.	14 guineas	Class 4.	26 guineas
Class 1.	17 guineas	Class 5.	30 guineas
Class 2.	20 guineas	Class 6.	35 guineas
Class 3.	23 guineas	Class 7.	40 guineas
		Class 8.	45 guineas

American Organs, by all the best makers, from 45 guineas upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument within three years, if one of a higher class be taken, and will be exchanged free if not approved of within one month. Illustrations and particulars post free.

T. D'ALMAINE & CO.,
(Established 104 years),
1, Finsbury Pavement, London.

Pillow Cases.

Well made, 3-buttons, worked holes, Linen, full size, only 8/9 for a dozen pairs. Free Sample Pair, free by post, 1/6; an enormous purchase, marvellously cheap.

C. WILLIAMSON,
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SAVILLE'S

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Perfectly Harmless. No Fear

2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per Bottle, of and Hairdressers. Post free from receipt of Postal Order from

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142, EARL'S COURT ROAD

210 PRIZES. PRIZES

FOURTH GENUINE COMPE

£3, £2, and £1. Guaranteed

full to the persons counting in

the letter "F" in St. Mark's

number in each chapter, and

Entrance fee 2/-, and stamped

results. Closes certain Sept.

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For the

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Such a large collection

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Write for PATTERNS (naming this

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The Marvellous Variety & Cheapness

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Trade Mark ACARIC.

VENTILATED BRACE

is unsurpassed for comfort and ease in wear; it sits so softly on the shoulder, and is so elastic that, while giving to every possible strain, it is virtually unperceptible to the wearer. It is peculiarly suitable to Hot Climates, being absolutely porous. Is the latest improvement, and is protected by Patent and Trade Mark.

Of all Hosiery everywhere. Wholesale of any of the leading Hosiery houses. If any difficulty in obtaining, send Postal Order (8s.) to the Central Depot—

6, Philip Lane, LONDON, E.C.

State if WHITE, FANCY, or SELF preferred, and a pair will be mailed free by Return Post.

The CRAVENETTE Process is the Best in the market, superseding all others. Cloaks treated by it are Rain Repellent, Hygienic, and Inodorous. They have all the advantages without the objectionable features of Mackintosh and other proofs.



No Lady should be without a "CRAVENETTE" Cloak

THE UNIQUE ADVANTAGE of the CRAVENETTE system is that every fibre of the material treated by it, being completely proofed, the fabric, while rendered perfectly RAIN-REPELLENT, retains its former porosity and admits of the natural and PERFECT VENTILATION.

The most delicate Silks, Fancy Dust Cloaks, and the regular Imperial Cloaks, are all successfully treated in the piece (before cutting) in any way altering their appearance or handle. Every draper keeps the CRAVENETTE Proofed Cloaks.

CAUTION.—Ladies, see that the stamp CRAVENETTE, or the Ticket, is on each cloak, to imitate which is a forgery. India-rubber however treated, are always objectionable on account of the smell. CRAVENETTE Proofed Goods are inodorous.

LADIES finding any difficulty in obtaining the CRAVENETTE Cloaks should write to the CRAVENETTE COMPANY, LIMITED, Sole Proprietors, MOSE STREET, BRADFORD, YORKSHIRE, who will gladly forward name of nearest Agent.

All communications with reference to Advertising should be sent to Advertisement Department, "Pearson's Weekly," 167 & 168, Fleet Street, London, E.C. Publishing and Editorial Offices:—Temple Chambers Temple Avenue E.C.

£1000 FREE RAILWAY INSURANCE £1000

PEARSONS WEEKLY

TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

VOL. I.—No. 8.

TRANSMISSION BY
BOOK RATES.

SEPTEMBER 13, 1890.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

NOTICE TO NEWSAGENTS.

We shall be very happy to send specimen copies and specimen pages to any newsagent who thinks that he can use them to advantage, also to post contents bills every week to those who will display them.

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

"I NEVER will marry," she said—she said—
"Unless a young man that just suits me I find;
Taller than I by at least half a head
He surely must be, with a face bright and kind;
His hair I'd prefer of a violet blue,
His eyes a light brown or a very warm gold;
He must sing—a fine tenor—and dance nicely too,
And tell as good stories as ever were told.
No smoking allowed, for the weed I detest,
And of course no remarks that are rude or ill-bred;
And I'd like him to always be stylishly dressed,
The young man I marry," she said—she said.
And then the maid married—she did—she did—
A three-score old fellow much shorter than she,
Who wore a black wig that but awkwardly hid
A pate that no balder could possibly be;
And his voice was a creak, and he danced like a bear,
And his nose it was red, and dull grey were his eyes,
And he'd sit by the hour and stupidly stare,
And he never said anything witty or wise;
And he smoked a clay pipe, and from morning till night
In his mouth held of strongest tobacco a quid;
And he dressed—but enough, he had two millions quite,
And she married him gladly—she did—she did.

HOW FAR CAN WE SEE?

THERE is absolutely no limit to the normal vision if the sight be unobstructed. Yet we can see the stars, which are trillions of miles away, while we cannot see a tree twenty miles distant. Why? It is true that all objects diminish in apparent size to an extent proportionate with their distance, but that is not the only reason. The chief one is that our vision is obstructed by the curvature of the earth.

It is often a matter of interest and importance to know how far we can see from any given height, or, conversely, how far one must be above the earth to see an object at a given distance. The exact calculation of these figures would require the use of very complex formulae, but for practical use two very simple rules will suffice.

The distance in miles at which an object upon the surface of the earth is visible is equal to the square root of one and a half times the height of the observer in feet above the surface, and, conversely, the height in feet at which an observer must be placed to see a distant object is equal to two-thirds the square of the distance in miles.

For instance, the observer is in the rigging of a ship 100 feet above the water; how far distant is the horizon? That is, how far could an object floating in the water be visible before being hidden by the convexity of the earth? One and a half times 100 is 150, and the square root of 150 is, approximately, 12½; therefore the horizon is 12½ miles distant. As the deck of a smaller vessel, like pleasure yachts, is rarely more than ten feet above the water, it follows that the limit of vision from that point is less than four miles in every direction.

An illustration of the second rule may be given as follows:—A building is thirty-three miles away; how high a hill must one climb in order to be able to see it? The square of the distance equals 1,089, and two-thirds of that number equals 726, it follows that we must climb a hill 726 feet high before we can see the building, even with the most powerful telescope. Usually, however, the height of the object, as well as that of the observer, must be taken into consideration, but this simply requires the duplication of the problem.

A little girl was asked by her grandfather where London grew, and replied with the greatest simplicity, "In old gentlemen's ears."

DANCING CLERGYMEN.

No one appears to be aware that there is a strong precedent in favour of clerical dancing as a healthy exercise. M. d'Yvolry affirmed in 1772 that in 1740 he was in Paris, and, hearing music in a room adjoining his, he entered and found, to his great surprise, the celebrated Dr. Mead taking dancing lessons from Dupré, the professor of the opera. The doctor, who was sixty-seven years of age, stated that he was taking this exercise for the benefit of his health.

So pleased was he with the result that upon leaving, he handed Dupré a rouleau of fifty louis, and promised to send him the Archbishop of Canterbury. This he did. His Grace spent weeks with Dupré learning to trip the light fantastic toe, and expressed himself highly delighted with the benefit he derived from the exercise.

Another interesting case of clerical dancing is that of the late Henry Ward Beecher, who had a habit on Sunday night of (as he called it) "letting himself down" from the strain caused by his earnest preaching. He found the exercise necessary before he could sleep. A violin was brought out, and the old man and the members of his family circle enjoyed the pleasures of the dance.

WOUNDS OF GENERALS IN ACTION.

A CURIOUS article might be written on the immunity from wounds in action of some generals, and the ill-fortune of others in becoming billets for bullets.

No commander was ever more forward in the fighting line than Sheridan, yet he never got a scratch.

Skobelev, who many a time went in with his own good sword, and in his white coat on his white charger, headed every charge with a recklessness that men called madness, had as complete immunity as if he carried the charmed life that his soldiers ascribed to him, and was wounded only in the quiet trenches by a chance bullet fired into the air a mile away.

Wellington was but once hit, the bullet that carried away his boot-heel scarcely giving him a contusion.

Grant was never struck, nor was Napoleon.

Of Sir Neville Chamberlain, again, one of the most distinguished officers in our Indian army, the saying goes that he never went into action without receiving a wound.

Bazaine was a man to whom fortune was not stingy in the matter of wounds. At Bornev there came to him the leaden reminder that he was mortal, though this time it was but a gentle hint. The fragment of a shell hit him on the left shoulder; but it had been well spent, and because of the protection of the epaulette, gave him but a contusion, from which he had pain several days, especially when on horseback.

AN ENEMY VANQUISHED BY CHURCH BELLS.

THERE is a little town called Feldkirch, on the frontier of Austria, on the Ill, an affluent of the Rhine. In the year 1799, when the armies of Napoleon were sweeping over the Continent, Massena, one of his generals, suddenly appeared on the heights above the town, at the head of 18,000 men.

It was Easter Day, and the morning sun, as it rose, glittered on the weapons of the French, at the top of the range of hills to the west of Feldkirch. The Town Council hastily assembled to consult what was to be done. Defence was impossible. Should a deputation be sent to Massena with the keys of the town, and a petition that he treat the place with mercy?

Then the old dean of the church stood up. "It is Easter Day," he said. "We have been reckoning our own strength, and that fails. Let us ring the bells and have service as usual, and leave the matter in higher hands."

His words prevailed. Then all at once, from three or four church towers in Feldkirch, the bells began to clang joyous peals, and the streets filled with worshippers hastening to church. The French heard with surprise and alarm the sudden clangour of joy-bells; and, concluding that the Austrian army had arrived in the night to relieve the place, Massena suddenly broke up his camp, and before the bells had ceased ringing not a Frenchman was to be seen.

A PRIZE FOR PEOPLE WITH PLENTY OF NAMES.

We should like to find out which of our readers rejoices in the greatest number of names. We therefore offer a guinea to the person—man, woman, or child—who can establish a claim to this distinction. Christian and surnames will count. In the event of a tie the guinea will be awarded to the owner of the names which contain most letters. Applications must be made on postcards only, and each one must be witnessed by two people who are willing to testify to the accuracy of the statement made. A postcard should contain nothing but the names and addresses of the applicant and of the two witnesses.

All competitions must reach us before or by first post on Tuesday, September 23rd.

MARRIAGE is a lottery in which all draw something—usually a baby carriage.

M'CINN (having borrowed ten shillings): "Oh, thank you! Words cannot repay you for this favour."
De Tinn (dryly): "No, I don't think they can."

FOND MOTHER: "Is blowing a French horn likely to result in injury to my boy?"
Doctor: "You can wager it is, ma'am, if he blows it near us and we catch him."

LIGHTNING struck a hall where some of Wagner's music was being rendered, and the leader of the orchestra merely motioned to the man at the big drum to hit it more gently in the next movement.

AGENT: "I would employ you, only I must have a married man."

Applicant: "Keep the place open for an hour, and I'll fix that. It's easier to get married than to get a job."

WAITER: "What will you have, sir?"
Customer (looking over the restaurant bill of fare): "Permit me to cogitate. In the correlation of forces it is a recognised property of atomic fragments, whatever their age, to join, and —"
Waiter (shouts across the hall to head server): "Hash for one."

"WHY don't you go to work?" she asked of a tramp.
"I am a-working, lady."
"At what? You show no signs of it."
"No matter for that, mum, I'm a-working as a travelling advertisement for a soap firm. I'm the 'Before Using' card, and my partner round the corner represents the 'After Using' end of the combination. Thank you, mum."

WITNESS: "Please, y'r worship, can a man commit perjury by distorting the truth as well as by telling an untruth?"

Magistrate: "Certainly."
Witness: "Can a man commit perjury by insinuations intended to mislead the jury?"

Magistrate: "Certainly."
Witness: "Well, sir, if you'll put that lawyer under oath, we'll soon have him in jail."

EVERY man to his trade. Yes, and every man thinks of nothing but his trade, and views everything only in its relation to his trade. Have you ever heard of the Irish tailor who went on a visit to Niagara Falls with a friend, and who gazed admiringly at the vast cataract until he was asked:

"Well, Pat, what do you think of it?"
It was some minutes before the little tailor could answer. He looked again and again at the torrent of waters, his mouth open, and his face aglow with enthusiasm. At last he burst out:
"Begorra! begorra! Phwat a lovely place to sponge a coat!"

A CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING.

I AM an aeronaut by profession. I was engaged to go up on the occasion of a popular fête held at the Surrey Zoological Gardens (now abolished) then existing not far from the "Elephant and Castle" at Newington.

Maud, my wife, importuned me warmly to take her up with me. She wanted to see London from the air, she said. I made many objections. I was accustomed to "take my life in my hand" for the sake of solid lucre, for that is what every aeronaut does at such ascents; but I was not prepared to risk her life, so much dearer to me than my own, for a woman's whim. So I strove hard to dissuade her. It was useless, however, and at length I had to consent to her wishes.

The day broke splendidly, with all the warmth and lustre of July, and the gardens were crowded. I anticipated a rush of candidates to share my aerial expedition. As the hour for the ascent drew on, however, dark clouds began to appear upon the horizon. They thickened, swept up, and by-and-bye swathed all the expanse of heaven.

The hour of ascent arrived. Maud stood beside the balloon, her small hand resting on the car, no one else having come forward to go up. I was about to help her in, when a man approached, very hastily, and announced his intention of accompanying me. I did not notice him closely, but he was white-haired, and, I judged, old and feeble, from the very clumsy manner in which he entered the car.

The signal was given, and the *Goliath* rose majestically and almost perpendicularly into the air.

As we ascended I glanced mechanically at my companions, as aeronauts generally do in similar cases, to see how they took it. Maud, as I expected from my previous experiences of her as a balloon traveller, was looking over the edge of the car with an expression of calm pleasure on her exquisite face, evidently searching out known localities in the gigantic panorama of a large city stretching beneath us.

But the strange passenger? Was he also gazing down in delighted wonder? By no means. His face was pale and stern and set, and his eyes were fixed on me with a gaze of terrible intensity. As I first met the full look of those eyes, I started with a mingled sensation of fear and repugnance. They seemed those of some noxious animal, which threatened human life.

I was struck with a certain distinct, yet inexplicable, sensation of fear at encountering those eyes. I gazed at the man's face with awakened curiosity. I observed that though his hair was white as snow, his skin was fresh and unwrinkled. My curiosity once aroused, my inspection became closer, and presently I detected a lock of intensely black hair protruding from under the dense mass of white locks on one side of his face. Evidently he wore a wig.

At this discovery, I know not why, I was seized with a further and indefinable sense of fear.

The stranger had evidently noticed and resented my close inspection, for at this moment a heavy frown came on his broad, low forehead, and he said, savagely: "What makes you stare at me like that, man? You had better attend to your balloon."

He had reason to say so. At that moment a furious gust of wind struck the great inflated silk bag, and drove it madly for some distance in a horizontal direction, nearly capsizing the car.

We were passing through a domain of hurricanes here at a great elevation above the earth, and a fierce one had struck us, and very nearly wrecked the *Goliath*. The next instant the great balloon recovered herself and ascended very rapidly.

Suddenly we appeared to be bathed in an infinite sea of blinding light. For a moment my faculties were overwhelmed with a stupid, idiotic astonishment only; but the next instant a terrific, deafening explosion brought me to my senses. I comprehended our situation. I had known that the black pall which hung above us was a thunder-cloud, but I had not realised our proximity to it. So near, however, were we that the vivid light we had seen had enveloped us in itself and its lustre before it had taken the definite form of what we term a "flash." Hence our safety.

But this incident, and the overpowering heat, awoke me to our danger. In a very short time we should be in the thunder-cloud itself, and then, if we escaped the danger of the electric fluid, it appeared almost certain that the heat would stop respiration.

My hand sought the string that would open the valve for our descent, when I met the gaze of the stranger, fixed on me with a ferocious and menacing expression.

"What are you about to do?" he cried, hoarsely.

"Open the valve, and let some gas escape, in order that we may descend."

"We are not going to descend."

"Why not?" said I, in surprise.

"Because I do not choose."

His audacity seemed almost to take away my breath. His aspect had become wilder than ever, and more apparent than before was the fact that his white wig was a disguise, and that he was a vigorous young man.

All at once the conviction forced itself upon me irresistibly that the man was an escaped lunatic. I had read of such people securing a place for an ascent, and then insisting that the balloon should voyage to the

moon. I was well nigh paralysed by the idea, for from my childhood I had been a devotee of mad people. And Maud, too—what would become of her? I strove to be calm, and endeavoured to temporise.

"I beg you to remember, sir," I said coldly, "that you are only a passenger. The guidance of the balloon belongs to me."

"I am aware of it; but I am master of the situation, and you must obey my orders, or I will pitch you out of the car. It is rather hot up here, so just let the balloon descend fifty yards. That will bring us down to where the gust struck us. The wind is in the right direction for my purpose. Pull the string and let us down to where the wind blows. No farther."

I opened the valve, and we slowly descended. As we did so, I asked:—

"What is your purpose then?"

"To reach France as soon as I can. Stop at this elevation. This wind will soon waft us over the Channel."

I had noticed that as the colloquy between me and the stranger proceeded, Maud had somewhat recovered from the faintness induced by the heat, had pulled herself together, and listened intently. I saw now that her countenance was very pale and horror-stricken. I still held the valve open, and our descent became more rapid and perceptible.

"Let go that cord, I tell you," shouted the man. "This height will suit me."

I made no reply, but still continued to hold the valve open.

The next moment the stranger rose and sprang upon me, snatching the cord from my hand, and then seizing my throat with both hands, precipitated me to the floor of the car. Next he proceeded to strangle me, while I, being a smaller and lighter man, could make no effective resistance.

As the fellow threw me down, I noticed, however, with satisfaction, that Maud had caught the valve-string, which had escaped my grasp, and was pulling it, and that the balloon was descending.

I was suffocating, and, despite my frantic struggles, could not free myself from that choking grasp. A mist swam before my eyes, a murmur as the voice of many waters sounded in my ears. A few seconds more and I should have lapsed into unconsciousness, when suddenly the iron fingers relaxed, the knee that was pressed upon my chest was removed.

I staggered to my feet by a supreme effort, and understood my rescue at a glance.

Maud and my enemy were standing together on the other side of the car, the girl's hands were at his throat, and both her slender wrists were in his savage grasp.

Seeing my extremity, love had given her the courage to twine her slender white fingers in the madman's necktie until impending suffocation compelled him to relinquish his murderous grasp of me.

There was no time to be lost; the pressure of his iron grip was tightening upon poor Maud's frail wrists, and, despite her courage, low moans were coming from her white lips.

My foot struck against something. I looked down. It was an iron chisel or small crowbar which the smith who had been fixing some ironwork on the car had left behind.

It was the work of an instant to snatch it up and spring to Maud's side. No scruple of humanity restrained me, and I struck, and struck heavily, on the head of my lunatic adversary.

He sank, and I lost no time in binding his hands and feet with his and my own pocket handkerchiefs.

Meanwhile the balloon had been rapidly descending, and looking over, I saw we were nearing the earth. I could discover objects below me tolerably clearly, but I did not recognise the locality. One thing was certain, we must have drifted some distance, for we were clear of the London streets, and evidently overhung the open country.

I chose my spot for descent, and we fell in a large pasture close by a homestead, frightening a dozen handsome red Devon cows, which ran away with melancholy lowings.

At that moment I happened to glance at our fellow-passenger, lying bound and helpless in the bottom of the car. I could see that his countenance was deformed by an expression of fiendish malignity. His bushy brows were drawn down by a ferocious frown, beneath which, in the gathering gloom, his dark eyes seemed to emit a greenish lustre. His thin lips were relaxed, showing his sharp white fangs, which resembled those of a wild beast. Altogether, the miscreant was not at all a pleasant object to look upon.

A burly middle-aged man, dressed in the attire of a well-to-do yeoman, was leaning over the gate of a field looking after his stampered cows with evident astonishment, for, his eyes being directed in the contrary direction, he had not yet seen the balloon.

I hailed the man lustily.

He turned and surveyed the balloon with a look of intense surprise.

"Please secure us," I cried.

He raised a loud shout, and half a dozen yokels came trooping out of barn and stable. At first they looked as astonished as their master; but directly after they recovered themselves, both farmer and men made an advance in my direction. Evidently a balloon was not altogether an unfamiliar object to these rustics, for

they advanced without fear, and quickly securing the machine, helped Maud and me out, and gazed doubtfully at the snarling, wolfish-looking captive on the floor.

"Hullo, measter," cried one of them; "what hae ye got here?"

The farmer's face expressed undisguised curiosity as he surveyed the captive; and, his scrutiny concluded, he turned a doubtful and questioning gaze upon me.

"Where did ye get you chap from?" he queried.

"Bedlam? Does it happen ye're cracked, too?"

"No, sir," I responded politely, being well aware that I needed help, and must, therefore, be civil. "He is a passenger who ascended with me, but he has been behaving like a lunatic, and attempted to take my life. I want to hand him over to the custody of the police."

"Ay, ay," responded the yeoman; "he looks as mad as a March hare. You've descended just in the right spot, sir," he continued, as he extended his sunburnt hand and shook mine heartily. "It's about a mile from the town of Romford. I'll drive you and this scoundrel to the police-station there, where you can lock him up for assault. Then you can return to my house to tea, and the lady and yourself can either stay with me for the night or take the train back to town, whichever pleases you."

The labourers carefully lifted our objectionable passenger over the side of the car, and, bearing him by main force to the farmhouse, deposited him on the stone floor of the kitchen. We followed the yeoman thither and were introduced to his wife, who held us in conversation relative to our adventures while the vehicle was prepared.

The dog-cart was soon ready; our prisoner was carried by the farmer's labourers to it, and bundled down behind the seat. Maud elected to remain with Mrs. Berwell, the farmer's wife, until our return, and Mr. Berwell and I took our seats, and were soon speeding along the country road behind a spanking grey horse.

Romford was quickly reached, and we pulled up at the police-station. Several officers, at my request, lifted our prisoner out and bore him into the station, still looking half-dazed, where he was placed before the inspector on duty, and I told my story.

When I came to mention my opinion that the man was disguised, the inspector exclaimed:

"You are right. Here, Burls" (this to one of the constables standing by), take off this fellow's hat, wig, and beard."

The officer did as commanded, and the prisoner stood revealed as a young, closely-shaven man, with a head of very black hair, cropped short. He had high cheekbones, and a very Irish physiognomy, and, moreover, a deep red scar across his left temple, which the wig had heretofore hidden.

"Ha!" cried the inspector, "I suspect you have made a much more important capture than you imagine, Mr. Balloonier. Burls, give me the *Blue and Cry*."

The subordinate handed him a paper, which he began to read eagerly. Meanwhile, the prisoner, perceiving his position, inquired angrily why he was there, and demanded immediate liberation.

"Oh! you shut up," said the inspector to him, sharply. "I reckon you'll have to do a goodish stretch before you're a free man again. As for you, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Stokoe," I murmured.

"Aye! Mr. Stokoe! Oh, yes, I remember—'celebrated aeronaut'—I've seen your name on the big posters. Well, I think you've done well this journey, for this man"—indicating the prisoner—"is Michael Maclurcan, the dynamitard, who is wanted for an attempt to blow up the Manchester Town Hall, which resulted in the death of a man, a woman, and two children. There is a reward of five hundred pounds for Maclurcan's apprehension."

And this I got.

SHE sits at the piano and warbles

A tune that is tender and soft,
A song of the birds and the moonlight,
And stars that are laughing aloft.

And he turns the pages so gently,
And fondly looks down in her face,
Till she comes to the place marked with "Chorus,"
Then he joins in with deep, manly bass.

And so do the moments fly quickly,
"What bliss thus to warble," he said,
When down came a voice through the darkness,
"You, Jane Maria, stop that everlasting squawking,
And come straight off to bed."

COTTAGER: "I ordered two dozen eggs yesterday, Mr. Cracker, and paid for them, but you only sent twenty."

Mr. Cracker: "We-el, you see, four of 'em was bad, and I thought you wouldn't care for 'em."

GUARD (extricating passenger from the wreck of the smoking-carriage): "Are you hurt?"

Passenger: "I should say I am. The accident smashed my hand. I held nine trumps, and was knocked in a heap before I had a chance to play them."

A GENTLE GIANT.

THE greatest physical paradox is the sunbeam. It is the most potent and versatile force we have, and yet it behaves itself like the gentlest and most accommodating. Nothing can fall more softly or more silently upon the earth than the rays of our great luminary—not even the feathery flakes of snow which thread their way through the atmosphere, as if they were too filmy to yield to the demands of gravity, like grosser things.

The most delicate slip of gold leaf, exposed as a target to the sun's shaft, is not stirred to the extent of a hair, though an infant's faintest breath could set it into tremulous motion. The tenderest of human organs—the eye—though pierced and buffeted each day by thousands of sunbeams, suffers no pain during the process, but, rejoicing in their sweetness, blesses the useful light.

Yet a few of these rays insinuating themselves into a mass of iron, like the Britannia tubular bridge, will compel the closely knitted particles to separate, and will move the whole enormous fabric with as much ease as a giant would stir a straw. The play of these beams upon our sheets of water lifts up layer after layer into the atmosphere, and hoists whole rivers from their beds, only to drop them again in snow upon the hills, or in fattening showers on the plains. Let but the air drink in a little more sunshine at one place than another, and out of it springs the tempest or the hurricane, which desolates a whole region in its lunatic wrath. The marvel is that a power which is capable of assuming such a diversity of forms, and of producing such stupendous results, should come to us in so gentle, so peaceful, and so unpretentious a manner.

HE WAS NOT A MATRIMONIAL AGENT.

AN ambitious young farmer, who lives in one of the isolated districts in Australia with a colony of his own sex, wrote to a friend in London to select a suitable girl for him to marry, and send her out to him. The friend had no difficulty in finding a healthy and good-looking girl of sufficiently adventurous spirit, and in due time the young lady arrived.

The farmer was so pleased with her appearance and general demeanour that he invited several friends to meet her the night before the wedding. They also were struck with admiration, and, finally, after a great deal of bargaining, the would-be bridegroom was induced, for a bonus of £50, in addition to the money paid for her expenses, to yield up his right in the damsel, and the following morning another man led her to the altar.

The young farmer at once wrote to his friend to send out another girl, and in a few months a second one arrived. The farmer's friends, however, were on the alert, and this time he was induced to part with his bride for a bonus of £100, in addition to his outlay.

A third time he wrote to his friend, and a third time a young girl willing to be his wife arrived; but this time, when his companions attempted to bargain with him, he declared that he had not established a matrimonial agency, and that none should wed her but himself, and in order to avoid temptation he hurried away to the minister, and was duly married the same day.

VANDERBILT'S TREASURE VAULT.

I stood recently in the vault of the formidable fortress of iron and masonry in Forty-second Street, New York, where last year the richest man in the world locked up his £40,000,000 in stocks, bonds, and other securities. It is one of the most redoubtable works of defence on the American continent, though you may not be entirely certain of that by surveying the building from the outside.

Its foundations were blasted out of the rock; the front wall is 5 feet in thickness, and the side and rear walls 8 feet. The beams, girders, and main pillars are iron, encased in fireproof material. The doors, window-frames, and minor partitions are iron, marble, and glass. No wood is to be found in the structure.

The great vault is 36 feet by 42 feet, of wrought iron and steel, and is situated on the ground floor. Its four outer doors weigh 8,200 pounds each, and have every effective and known improvement in defensive devices. A massive wall of masonry surrounds the ironwork. The vault, which is burglar, fire, and water proof, constitutes a distinct building in itself.

The armed watchmen, who guard the building night and day, are under the strictest discipline, their hourly movements being recorded by an electric clock connecting with various points on each floor of the structure, and there are also wires running to police headquarters and the district telegraph offices. In one corner of this great vault, behind heavy iron bars, are the heavier iron doors of the safes containing the Vanderbilt securities, which can be opened only by combination keys held by their owner alone.

I suppose that a hundred men in this building, with Gatling guns, could easily defend it against a mob of 100,000 assailants; it could be reduced by nothing less than the continued play of heavy artillery.

A HINT TO HOTEL-KEEPERS.

"THE queerest hotel in the world is in Guatemala," says a tourist. "When there a few months ago, I stopped a day at the biggest hostelry, and met with more surprises than I had previously encountered in my trip round the world. The house is built only one storey high on account of the earthquakes. It is constructed in the form of a hollow square, and the interior court is made beautiful with trees and flowers. The exterior presents the appearance of a prison."

"The system of calling the guests entitles the hotel to the name of the queerest one on the earth. You are called by flies. The flies down there are nearly as large as a sparrow, and they sting like a hornet, though the bite is not poisonous. They never kill them, but brush them away. The halls of the hotels are filled with these pests in the morning. Over each door is a window that opens with a pulley. Now, if you say you want to be called at seven o'clock, your window is opened at seven, and the flies get in. Do they wake you? I should say so. In five minutes from the time your window is opened, you are downstairs looking for the proprietor, with a boot-jack in one hand and a wet sponge in the other."

THE BANK OF ENGLAND'S BALANCE SHEET.

THE Bank of England was created in 1694, and the persons employed were originally only fifty-four; there are now upwards of 900.

The existing Government debt to the Bank of England is £11,015,100, the first portion of which was made in 1694, and amounted to £1,200,000. Other loans were made at different times to the Government, bringing the total to £14,686,800. In 1838 an Act was passed providing for the payment of one-fourth of that sum, or £3,671,700, reducing the loan to its present amount, £11,015,100. This debt from the Government now stands as the far greater portion of the fixed amount of securities against which notes may be issued, as the following recent report of the bank shows:—

Notes issued	£33,484,890
Government debt	£11,015,100
Other securities	5,184,900
Gold coin and bullion	17,284,890

£33,484,890 £33,484,890

More than once the bank has been on the verge of disaster. On a certain Saturday night its notes were cashed in sixpences, in order to gain time; and a Cabinet Council, summoned hastily on the next day, authorised the suspension of cash payments. From a report to Parliament, the expenses of the bank are represented to be as follows:—

Wages	£89,731
Pensions	8,063
Rent	25,600
Repairs	8,568
Directors' allowance	2,926
Rates and taxes	2,300
Stationery and general charges	8,601
Bank note paper	11,623
Interest on machinery cost	1,500
Compensation to bankers	20,493

£179,405

The profits for the year were as follows:—

Interest on fixed securities	£445,117
Gain on foreign exchanges and bullion	10,811

£455,928

Deduct expenses as above

179,405

Profit

276,523

Paid Government share of profits, and in lieu of stamps

188,078

Net Profit

£88,445

A GOOD BARGAIN.

A CHEMIST had fitted up a neat corner shop, and had established at once a fine trade. One day another chemist entered and said—

"I want to buy you out. How much will you take?"

"I do not want to sell," was the reply.

"I expected that answer," said the encroaching person, "and I am prepared for it. Now, if you don't sell out to me I will open a chemist's shop in opposition on the opposite corner. How much will you take?"

The other, offended at this species of browbeating, said he would sleep on it, and report the next morning. At the appointed hour the aspirant was in the shop, and a large price was named. The bargain was agreed to. The chemist who had been thus ousted from a corner which he had fitted up with a view to years of peace and profit, sought the owners of the opposite corner which had been held out to him as a threat, secured from them a long lease, worked night and day, and now has an establishment in which any community might take satisfaction and repose confidence. What is more, he is doing a better business than he did in the former locality.

A QUEER LIBRARY.

AT Warthenstein, in Germany, there is perhaps one of the most curiously original collections of books extant. This consists of a botanical collection. Outwardly, the books present the common appearance of a block of wood, and that is the first impression; but a minute examination reveals the fact that each is a complete history of the particular tree which it represents.

At the back of the book the bark has been removed from a space which allows the scientific and the common names of the tree to be placed as a title. One side is formed from the split wood of the tree, showing its grain and natural fracture; the other shows the wood when worked smooth and varnished. One end shows the grain as left by the saw, the other the finely polished wood.

On opening the book, it is found to contain the fruit, seeds, leaves, and other products of the tree. These are supplemented by a well-printed description of its habits, usual location, and manner and growth. In fact, everything which has a bearing upon that particular tree secures a place in this wonderful, useful, and valuable collection. Here is a precedent for the botanical societies to adopt, and, although doubtless expensive, yet it will certainly repay in its utility.

IN a theatre at Ashton, during the performance of a melodrama, an excited woman threw her bonnet at the "villain" on the stage, who was strangling one of the characters. The applause following her action was uproarious, most of it coming from the gentleman who sat immediately in the rear of the bonnet.

"If I am wakeful at night," said the author, "I always put myself to sleep by following out, in my mind, the thread of some one of my poems from the beginning. Presently the verses become confused, and before long I am asleep."

"That's a fact," said the friend, enthusiastically; "I can go to sleep over any one of them."

"I REMEMBER," said a Leeds boy to his Sunday-school teacher, "you told me always to stop and count one hundred when angry."

"Yes? Well, I'm glad to hear it. It cooled your anger, didn't it?"

"You see a boy come into our alley and made faces at me, and dared me to fight. I was going for him. He was bigger'n me, and I'd have got licked. I remembered what you said, and began to count."

"And you didn't fight?"

"No, ma'am. Just as I got to forty-two my big brother come along, and the way he thrashed that boy would have made your mouth water. I was going to count fifty, and then run."

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Will be paid to whomsoever the Proprietors of this Paper may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any person who is killed in an accident occurring within the United Kingdom to a Railway Train in which he or she may be travelling. This payment will be made subject to the conditions and regulations mentioned below.

Either a complete copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, or the page containing this notice, must be upon the person of the deceased at the time of the accident. The blank line at the foot of this notice must contain the usual signature of the deceased, written either in ink or pencil. Death must occur within twenty-four hours of the accident, and application for payment of the Insurance Money must be made to the Proprietors of this Paper within seven days of its occurrence. This offer is not extended to Railway Servants on duty. Five hundred pounds of the above sum will be paid by the Provident Clerks and General Accident Insurance Company, Ltd., 61, Coleman Street, London, E.C., and a further sum of £500 will be paid by the Proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

This paper is on sale at all Newsagents and Book stalls on Thursday of each week, and a copy confers the benefits of this insurance system until midnight on the Thursday following the date of publication. This offer is not confined to one claim, but will hold good for any number of individual cases. Not more than £1,000 will be paid on account of any one death.

Signature _____

QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING.

REPLIES.

38. How Fast do Waves Move?

When we speak of the velocity of waves, we do not mean that the water composing the wave moves from one place to another. The water oscillates, or moves up and down; but it does not advance, nor has it any transporting power, as may be shown by throwing a cork on its surface. Everyone has noticed the action of the wind on a field of corn, and seen the undulations caused by its crossing the field in a few seconds; but no one supposes that a single stalk has left its place. As with the "corn-wave," so with the water-wave—the substance remains rising and falling in the same place, while it is only the form that moves. The speed of this movement depends on the speed of the wind. When a gentle breeze is blowing, the friction between the atmosphere and the water is small, and only a slight ripple is produced; but should the velocity of the wind increase the ripples become waves, or even billows—mountains of water—moving at a tremendous speed. The ripple, or slow undulation, may move at a velocity varying from three or four to eight or nine miles per hour, and increasing in size to a wave of greater or less proportions, may have a speed of from ten to fifteen or twenty miles per hour. In a gale the rate increases to twenty-five or thirty, and, during storms, has been estimated at thirty, thirty-five, and even forty miles per hour. This latter speed is exceptionally great, and far exceeds the average. Waves which have resulted from earthquake shocks have traversed the ocean at a speed which is almost incredible. For instance, the great earthquake which occurred at Samoda, in Japan, caused a wave which travelled across the Pacific from that country to San Francisco, a distance of nearly 5,000 miles, in not much more than twelve hours, that is to say, it raced across the ocean at a rate of about six and a half miles per minute. The self-acting tide gauges at San Francisco which recorded the arrival of this great wave rendered it quite certain that this was the actual rate of progress. Then again, the tidal wave which passes over the ocean twice daily travels in places at an enormous speed. It has been estimated that if the seas of the world consisted of one uniform sheet of water, the tidal wave would traverse them at the rate of a thousand miles per hour. As a matter of fact, it does proceed at something like half this pace across the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans. The intervention of continents, islands, and shallows, however, reduces the speed in places to not more than forty to fifty miles per hour.

39. Is Drunkenness Increasing or Decreasing?

There is no doubt that drunkenness is steadily on the decrease. Some few years back the signs which pointed to this were more emphatic than they are to-day. For example, five or six years ago the drink bill of the country showed a considerable decrease, while the value of the liquor consumed last year was a slight increase on the value of that consumed the year before. However, the number of drunk and disorderly cases in the judicial statistics shows a steady decline. In the year 1881 the number of these cases was 218,711, last year it was only 151,425; and, in regarding these figures, it must be remembered that the population has increased by several millions in the period between the two dates. There is no question that though the spread of temperance principles may not be quite so marked as was the case a little while back, drunkenness shows a decided tendency to decrease.

40. Is it a Fact that an Abundant Growth of Hair is a Sign of Strength?

This question is capable of being answered in two ways. An abundant growth of hair is at the same time a sign of strength and of weakness. Hair grows plentifully when the blood vessels which nourish it are roused to action in any particular way. Consequently, men who are continually exercising their muscles, as, for example, blacksmiths, prompt the flow of blood in those vessels with the result that the roots of the hair are abundantly nourished, and it shows a strong growth. From this point of view, the quantity of hair may often indicate strength, though, perhaps, it would be more correct to say that strength, and the exercise which it induces, promote the growth of the hair. On the other hand, a

strong growth of hair may be a decided sign of great physical weakness. For instance, in a case of consumption, when the patient perspires excessively, this may excite the blood vessels near the surface in the same manner that hard and constant exercise does, with the result that hair grows very freely. The silky hair of the consumptive patient is, however, quite different from the crisp hair which is often found so abundantly on the arms and chest of a powerful man. On the whole, therefore, it cannot be said that an abundant growth of hair is a sign of strength, and observation has proved that many exceptionally powerful individuals, as, for example, Sandow, have been very sparsely provided with hair.

41. Is it True that Insanity is Increasing?

Though the reports of the Commissioners of Lunacy show that the number of persons suffering from insanity in this country has increased very rapidly of late, insanity itself has not grown in the alarming proportion to which their figures seem to point. For example, the insane in England and Wales increased from 86,762 in 1859 to 84,840 in 1889, or over 125 per cent. in the forty years, while the increase in population for the same period was only about 80 per cent. In Scotland and Ireland the rate of increase in insanity during the same period was as great. Two causes tend to make the increase seem greater than it really is. One lies in the fact that many more persons are now treated in asylums than used to be the case. The other, that the insane are taken much better care of than they were a few decades ago, with the result that the death-rate among them has steadily decreased. Still, at the same time, we are obliged to admit that insanity is on the increase, not only in this, but in every other civilised country. Its growth is chiefly attributed to the great strain put on the mind by the high pressure at which people now live. Other important causes are violent emotions and alcoholism. As for the possibility of cure, statistics show that one-third at least of the patients recover from insanity. Dr. Ball says, that eight out of ten cases arising from alcoholism are cured, whereas it is very rarely that a case arising from paralysis can be successfully treated. Dr. Lee, an experienced authority on lunacy, tells us the type of insanity has of late years markedly changed, and many kinds which may be termed incurable from the day of their development are more common now than formerly.

42. How many Children are Employed in the Factories of this country?

According to the latest returns there are 91,611 children working half-time in factories, of whom 48,808 are males and 42,803 are females. There are also in our factories 81,871 males between 18 and 18 years of age, and 580,905 females over 18. Although since 1879 there has been an increase of 860 factories, there has been a decrease in the number of children employed by 18,934. The more strict enforcement of the provisions of the Education Acts is probably the chief reason which has led to this reduction. Children cannot now legally be set to clean any part of the machinery while in motion, or employed on two successive Saturdays. Employment of children under 10 is prohibited, and their employment is not to be continuous for more than 4½ hours without an interval of half an hour for meals.

43. Is it a Fact that Husbands and Wives Grow like one Another in Face?

Couples who have long lived harmoniously together, and are necessarily subjected to the same external forces, show their accumulated effects more markedly with the continued advance of age. They eat the same food; live in the same climate, and modify its rigours by the same household devices; have the same friends and amusements, and, as the husband, with advancing age, either retires entirely from business, or ceases by degrees from having to do with it, their way of spending most of their time becomes identical, and all these causes tend towards producing a certain degree of facial likeness. Modifications of character also—each acquiring, to a greater or less degree, the peculiarities and mental attitudes of the other—have a most powerful effect in altering the expression. When to these we add the natural effects of old age—white hair, wrinkled cheeks, and the like—which produce a sort of generic resemblance in all old people, we have what may, generally speaking, be accounted a sufficient explanation of the resemblance to each other of aged married couples.

Statistics on this question have been obtained from the Photographic Society of Geneva. They took seventy-eight aged couples and an equal number of adult brothers and sisters, with the result that the married folk were found to resemble one another more closely than the brothers and sisters did. In twenty-four cases the resemblance was shown to be much greater than between the brothers and sisters, in thirty cases quite as great, while it was only in twenty-four cases that there was a total absence of resemblance. It has often been noticed that children who have been adopted have grown so like the others that they seem to belong to the family, and children in asylums often bear resemblance to one another, though not related in any way.

44. What Simple Methods are there of Testing the Purity of Water?

The nearest approach to a test adaptable to the general public is that of permanganate of potash, which can be obtained from any chemist's shop. It is remarkable for its colouring power, and communicates a bright rose colour when first added to the water to be analysed. If decomposed organic matter be present in a degree hurtful to health, this colour is changed to a dull yellow; or if a still larger quantity exists in the water, the colour will in time entirely disappear. Where the colour is rendered paler, but still retains a decided reddish tinge, then we may infer that, although putrefying organic matter is present, it is so in such minute quantities as are not likely to be immediately hurtful. One drop to a small quantity of water, or two to a larger quantity, is the amount of this fluid to be added. It should be allowed to stand for two hours. If the change in colour takes place before the expiration of this time it is a strong indication of the impurity of the water, the rule being that the quicker and more complete the change and disappearance of the colour, the greater is the quantity of decomposing organic matter present. Another simple test for organic matter is to dissolve in a bottle of water a small quantity of white sugar, cork the bottle, and put in a warm place. In a few days, if any organic impurity is present, the water will become white and milky. This test, however, is not so reliable. Another simple test is to evaporate about a quart of the suspected water to complete dryness in a glass vessel, and if the solid residue resembles common salt in colour and appearance it is mainly composed of mineral substances which are usually harmless, but if it is of a dark, yellow, or green colour, becoming darker, and emitting an offensive smell when heated, it contains a large quantity of organic matter. It must be understood that these are rough tests, and that the purity of water cannot be determined with any certainty except by chemical analysis. This is a matter of such vital importance that it should always be placed absolutely beyond question. If a trial of the methods here indicated seem to show that the purity of water is doubtful, measures should immediately be taken for a complete analysis.

45. Are the Best Shots to be Found Among the Volunteers, the Militia, or the Regulars?

The reply to this depends upon whether we consider the average shooting powers of the three branches of the Service, or merely regard the achievements of individual members of each. The regulars undoubtedly show the best regimental average, though, so far as individual prowess is concerned, soldiers do not as marksmen come up to either volunteers or militiamen. This first point is as it should be, for in the event of war it is far better that every man in a regiment should be a moderately good shot, than that a few should be super-excellent, and others comparatively worthless. In proportion to numbers there is no question that there are more first-class shots among the volunteers than in either of the other bodies in question. This is, no doubt, chiefly to be accounted for by the fact that many volunteers are men of means, who take up volunteering as a hobby, and are able to practise at the targets continually. No man can hope to be a really good marksman unless he has ample opportunities of keeping his hand in, and is constantly taking part in matches, for these do more towards developing a man's power than any amount of practice. Neither regulars nor militiamen can be constantly firing at targets, and pitting their skill with the rifle against that of others; and, consequently, it would be vain to expect that so large a proportion of them should become expert marksmen as in the case of their usually more leisured compeers in the citizen army.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from readers who have the knowledge and ability to answer them. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all printed at the rate of two guineas a column, or about fivepence a line. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies," in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Wednesday following their publication. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half a crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

71. What name of town or village is most common in England?
72. What amount of jam is yearly consumed in this country?
73. What are a woman's chances of marriage at various ages?
74. How much would it cost the Government to buy up all the railways in the kingdom?
75. Do town or country-bred children reach, on the whole, the highest eminence?

76. Why is the hair on a man's lip lighter as a rule than that on his head?

77. How much tea is wasted daily in this country through insufficient or careless brewing?

78. Why do insect pests attack some people and leave others entirely alone?

79. Is it possible for a healthy person, awake, and in full possession of all the faculties, to be thinking of nothing?

80. How far would an ordinary passenger train run along a level track if steam were shut off when it was going at a rate of fifty miles an hour?

THE ORIGIN OF DRINKING HEALTHS.

"HEALTHS," in honour of mortals, came to us from abroad. The first given in Britain was given by a lady. It was the "Health of the King," and mischief came of it. This lady was Rowena, daughter of Hengist. That Saxon ally of the British king, Vortigern, entertained at a banquet the monarch whom he intended first to make his son-in-law and then to destroy. After dinner the ladies were admitted—a custom which had not yet died out on occasions of public festivity—and Rowena was at the head of them. She carried aloft a capacious goblet of wine, and approaching the dazzled and delighted king, she said, with a courteous reverence, "Lord king, I drink your health." This was said in Saxon, and Vortigern shook his head to imply that he had not been taught Saxon, and was very sorry for it. He looked inquiringly at his interpreter, and that official translated the lady's words.

But this rendered Vortigern little the wiser, as Rowena stood silently gazing at him, cup in hand, and he found himself in utterly new circumstances, and in dreadful want of a master of the ceremonies. "What ought I to do?" he asked of the interpreter; and the latter replied, "As the lady has offered to drink your health, saying, 'Wacht heil!' you should bid her quaff the wine, saying, 'Drinc heil!'" And Vortigern shaped the British mouth to the utterance of the foreign idiom, and Rowena smiled so exquisitely at his uncouth accent, before she kissed the brim of the cup, that the king speedily became double drunk, with love and wine.

Thus was a drinking of healths brought into Britain under such distinguished patronage that it became a universal fashion. And it had a very pretty circumstance attached to it, which, in later degenerate days, went out with the fashion itself. The gallant Vortigern, when he returned the Saxon lady's compliment, and took the cup to drink, not only quaffed it to her health, but, before he did so, kissed her rose-tinted lips with such fervour that the custom of giving health was at once firmly established, and when a lady drank to a gentleman he not only pledged her with the formulary of "Drinc heil," but saluted her lips.

The wickedness of man brought about an unwelcome change in the custom. We all remember the unpleasant story, how the young King Edward the Martyr drank from a bowl of wine as he sat on his horse at the gate of Corfe Castle, and how, while he was drinking, he was stabbed in the back by a murderer hired by his stepmother, Elfrida. From that time pledging involved drinking; but it no longer implied kissing, even when the health was given by a lady. When a man drank, his neighbour pledged him, that is, undertook neither to stab him himself nor to allow such an act to be committed by another while he was in the act of lifting the cup to his lips.

MARK TWAIN AT HOME.

"No, my house has not got any name," said Mr. Clemens (Mark Twain), in answer to a question. "It has a number, but I have never been able to remember what it is."

No number, in fact, appears on gate or door. A charming haunt it is, with its wide hall, finished in dark wood under a panelled ceiling, and full of rugs, carved furniture, and cushioned easy chairs that instantly invite the guest to lounge in front of the big fireplace. But it is a house made for hospitality, and one cannot stop at that point. Over the fireplace, reflected from a large mirror suggesting Alice's Adventures, a glimpse is had of the drawing-room, luminous with white and silver and pale blue; and on another side between a broad flight of stairs and a great oak chest drawn against the wall, the always open library door attracts one's steps.

There is more dark woodwork in the library, including a very elaborate panel rising above the mantel to the ceiling. This was brought from abroad, and in other portions of the house are other articles representing the spoils of European tours; one in particular, I recall, covered with garlands and with plump cherubs that spring forth in elastic rotundity, and clamber along the edges. But it adds to the pleasureableness of the room that all the cherubs in it are not carved. A genial atmosphere, too, pervades the house, which is warmed by wood fires, a furnace, and the author's immense circulation.

One would, naturally, in such a place expect to find some perfection of a study, a literary workroom, and that has indeed been provided; but the unconventional genius of Mark Twain could not reconcile itself to a study. The study remains, its deep window giving a seductive outlook above the library, but Mr. Clemens goes elsewhere.

Pointing to a large divan extending along the two sides of a right-angled corner, "That was a good idea," he said, "which I got from something I saw in a Syrian monastery; but I found it was much more comfortable to lie there and smoke than stay at my desk. And then these windows—I am constantly getting up to look at the view; and

when one of our beautiful heavy snowfalls came in winter, I couldn't do anything at all except gaze at it."

So he has moved still higher upstairs into the billiard-room, and there writes at a table placed in such manner that he can see nothing but the wall in front of him and a couple of shelves of books. Before adopting this expedient he had tried a room which he had caused to be fitted up with plain pine sheathing on the upper floor of his stable; but that had serious disadvantages, and as even the billiard-room has failed to meet requirements in some emergencies, he had latterly resorted to hiring an office in a commercial building in the heart of the city.

"About four months in the year," said he, "is the time when I expect to do most of my work, during the summer vacation, when I am off on the farm at Elmira. Yes," he continued, when I expressed some surprise, "I can write better in hot weather. And, besides, I must be free from all other interest and occupations. I find it necessary, when I have begun anything, to keep steadily at it, without changing my surroundings. To take up the train of ideas after each day's writing I must be in the same place that I began it in, or else it becomes very difficult."

But nothing, apparently, interrupts the spontaneous flow of his humour in daily life. It is the same in kind with that of his books, though incidental and less elaborate. It is unpremeditated, and always unexpected. He never takes what may be termed the obvious and conventional witty view, yet neither is there any straining for a new form of jest; the novelty comes of itself. Moreover, unlike certain wits whose quality is genuine, but whose reputation becomes a burden to them, he appears to be indifferent whether he ever cracks another joke, and thus lulls his companions into a delusive security, only to take them unawares with some new and telling shot.

There is less exaggeration in what he says, than in what he writes; but the essence of his fun lies in that same grave assumption of absurdities as solid and reasonable facts with which we are familiar in his works.

By a reverse process, when talking to a serious point, or narrating some experience not especially ludicrous in itself, there is a lingering suspicion of humorous possibilities in his manner, which, assisted by the slow, emphatic, natural drawl of his speech, leads one to accept actual facts of a prosaic kind as delicious absurdities. In fine, it is a sort of wizardry that he exercises in conversation, stimulating the hearer by its quick changes from drollery to earnest.

A GENTLE HINT: "There seems to be a number of weddings this month," he remarked. "By the way, Miss Carrie, when will I be invited to yours?"

"Will you need an invitation?" she asked, with downcast eyes and mantling cheek.

CHOLLIE: "I say, Fweddle, I see by the papals that there is a woman in Stockton who cannot say anything except 'Yes' or 'No.'"

Fweddle: "That's nothing at all, Chollie, old boy. I met one last night who couldn't say anything except 'No.'"

FIRST TRAMP: "It's harrud to find nice, easy jobs, Bill."

Second Tramp: "You said yestiday you'd got one—nuthin' ter do but sit in an easy chair an' keep still, that's wot the man told you. Why didn't you stay in that soft place?"

FIRST TRAMP (dolefully): "That there man was a dentist, and he wanted to 'xperiment with a new tooth pulling machine."

A NEW danger threatens Society, and it comes in the shape of the bicycle. The bicycle is almost noiseless on a good road, and young men driving their sweet-hearts would do well to keep a sharp eye in the rear, as some very funny things have been witnessed by wheelmen riding behind dogcarts. We heard how one cyclist rode behind a dogcart for some distance, quite undecided as to whether the pretty girl in it, all dressed in white, had a black sash or not. He tried the experiment of riding close up and blowing his whistle, and the black girdle disappeared as if by magic. She was wearing a coat-sleeve with an arm in it.

INCREDULITY was the first feeling among the Boers of the Transvaal when the news of Cetewayo's capture was spread among them. One of these told an Englishman he would as soon believe that the British had possessed themselves of the moon as that they had got hold of Cetewayo. The sceptic's figure of speech then led to some discussion about the satellite.

"I can imagine," said he, "that there are hills, mountains, water, and trees in the moon—I can even recognise the possibility of human population on its surface, but I don't admit that there can be any gold or diamonds there."

"Why not?" the Englishman asked.

"Why not?" echoed the Boer. "I'll tell you why not. Because if there were either gold or diamonds in the moon you would have annexed her long ago."

SPECIAL PRIZE FOR MARRIED LADIES.

We will give Two Guineas to the married lady who forwards the three best Home Notes. Not more than three must be sent by any one competitor. Pieces forwarded may be of any length up to a hundred and fifty words. Competitions must reach us before or by first post on Monday, September 22. We reserve the right to publish any unsuccessful pieces at our usual rate of remuneration—two guineas a column, or about fivepence a line. Envelopes must be marked "Home Notes Competition." Not more than one piece of the three sent by each competitor should be a cookery recipe.

£5 EVERY WEEK FOR SOMEBODY'S CHILD.

We shall every week, until further notice, pay the sum of £5 to the parents of the living child who is, so far as we can ascertain, born soonest after the publication of this paper, which takes place at nine a.m. every Thursday.

Applications must be made by letter, and those on account of any one issue must reach us at the latest by first post on the Monday succeeding its publication. For example: Applications for this week's £5 must arrive before or by first delivery on Monday, September 15. Every application must be accompanied by a doctor's certificate, which mentions the exact time of the birth. Due inquiry will be made, and the result will appear in the following number but one.

A HELPING HAND TO THOSE OUT OF WORK.

The most deserving of men and women at times find themselves in straits, owing to circumstances over which they have no control. Bad times and slackness of trade often compel employers to discharge those whom they would be glad to keep in their service if they could. Illness may necessitate resignation. A thousand things may happen to stop for a time the earning powers of conscientious and capable bread-winners, be they clerks, warehousemen, mechanics, labourers, or other workers.

At such times a little assistance, sufficient to aid those who are so unfortunate as to find themselves out of employment, is of the utmost value, and we propose to set aside

FIVE POUNDS A WEEK, FOR THE NEXT SIX MONTHS CERTAIN,

towards granting it to deserving cases.

In each number of the paper a Coupon, similar to the one at the foot of this notice, will appear. On or before the last Mondays in September, October, November, December, January, and February we are prepared to receive Coupons.

To the five persons on whose behalf the most Coupons reach us, One Pound a Week will be granted for the following four weeks. At the expiration of this time it is hoped that the affairs of the five recipients will have assumed a brighter aspect, and the five grants of a Pound a Week each will pass on to those five persons whose names appear on the greatest number of Coupons received during the succeeding month.

Coupons received may bear any date after that of August 23. Any number of Coupons from the same issue may be filled in by the same person. Coupons that arrive at these offices after the first Monday in each month will be placed in the following month's competition.

If senders please they may forward Coupons at any time during a month, though, of course, there will be a better chance of success if they wait until its close. All Coupons on behalf of one individual must be sent in one envelope or package. Each month's competition will be separate, and unsuccessful batches of Coupons will be destroyed.

With each batch of Coupons there must be a letter from a clergyman or minister, or the last employer of the applicant, stating that the case is a genuine one. Full enquiries will be made before the awards are decided, for these sums are intended to benefit deserving persons and not to support the idle.

The same person may send any number of Coupons. In the event of any dispute the decision of the Editor of "Pearson's Weekly" will be final.

A postal order for twenty shillings will be forwarded to each successful applicant on the Friday after the last Monday in each month, and on the three succeeding Fridays. Anybody who chooses may now commence to collect copies of the paper with a view to utilising their coupons for himself or someone else at a future date.

No grant will be made to a person whose income has been more than three pounds a week. We consider that in such cases money should have been put aside for a rainy day.

Envelopes or packages containing Coupons must be addressed to the Editor, "Pearson's Weekly," Temple Chambers, London, E.C. In the left-hand top corner of each envelope or package the number of Coupons that it contains must be stated.

HELPING HAND COUPON.

September 18, 1890.

I.....
of.....
.....
hereby declare that I should like a pound a week
to be granted to
of.....
.....

Unutilised Coupons only will count.

OUR READERS' LETTER-BOX.

WHICH IS THE BEST POSITION FOR SLEEPING IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE?

To the Editor of Pearson's Weekly.

DEAR SIR,—I am a commercial, and I travel on an average something like 40,000 miles a year. It has been my custom to travel with my back to the engine, and I find that when I have been on the railway for any great length of time that I have a nervous affection which goes away when I give up the habit for a day or two. Naturally, I do a great deal of sleeping in railway carriages, and I have been told that the broken periods of sleep I thereby get are the real cause of my bad health. At the same time I would be glad if any of your readers could give me their experiences on this point.

A German physician, Dr. Cutten, says that if a person lies with his feet towards the engine, the movement of the carriage tends to draw the blood from the brain to the feet, cerebral anæmia is produced, and then sleep. But if he lies with his head nearer the locomotive, as is the custom in Germany, there is produced an acerebral hyperæmia, incompatible with sweet repose.

Dr. McBride advises exactly the reverse. He holds that with the feet towards the engine the blood tends to the head. In the starting of a train momentum is first given to the carriage. Bodies in the carriage resist for a moment, and then acquire the same momentum. But on the least increase of speed they offer resistance—they are not disposed to go as fast as the carriage. A round marble placed on a board will roll back when the board is moved rapidly, and he thinks it reasonable to suppose that in a human body the blood constantly offers resistance to the motion of the train. So, with the feet to the engine, the blood will seek the brain. For this reason Dr. McBride urges sleeping with the head toward the engine. The fact that bunks on ship board are invariably constructed so that passengers may sleep with the head towards the bow seems to corroborate Dr. McBride's theory. Berths in sleeping carriages in railway trains are also always made up so that sleepers travel head first.—I am, dear sir, yours very truly,

Aberdeen.

C. T.

WHY NOT USE BOTH HANDS ALIKE?

To the Editor of Pearson's Weekly.

DEAR SIR,—Plenty of your readers must be young fathers like myself, and, with your permission, I would recommend them to do as I am doing, viz., bring up their children to use both hands alike. I have a little boy of eight, and a little girl of six, and I am teaching both of them to use the left hand as much as the right. In all their games they make equal use of either hand. They throw with one as well as with the other, and they are learning to write equally clearly with either.

So far as I am aware, there is absolutely nothing to be said against this method of training, while there is plenty to be said in its advantage. I consulted my medical man before making up my mind to act in the matter I am, and found that he could give me no information which led me to believe that I was not acting for the best.

Why should the right hand and arm be developed at the expense of the left? We use one leg as much as the other; why not make equal use of both arms? It is impossible to believe that the body can become so well developed when one arm is employed far more than the other as when both are exercised to an equal extent.

All right-handed men and women will find that the muscles of their left arms are considerably smaller than those of their right, and, if this is the case, the muscular parts of the body which work in unison with the arms must needs be more perfectly developed on the right side than on the left.

Many elaborate theories connected with the weight of the viscera and the divisions of the brain have been advanced to account for the prevalence of right-handedness. For my part I do not believe that there is any foundation for them. My opinion is that right-handedness results from heredity, and from the fact that children are from the very first taught to use their right hand in preference to the left.

The nurse puts the baby's rattle into its right hand, and teaches it to wave good-by with this one. Every attempt to use the left hand is checked, and the child is taught to consider it quite a crime to do anything except with the right. Almost everybody has a right hand which is rather larger than the left simply because it is used more, and consequently its muscles become better developed.

Now, I don't a bit believe in all this, and I think that my children will one day thank me for having encouraged their natural instinct to use both hands to an equal extent.

In considering questions of this kind it is generally well to see how they are solved by the lower types of mankind and by animals. As a rule, savages are equally proficient with either hand. For instance, I have read that the natives of Terra del Fuego, whose principal mode of attack is by throwing stones, and who are the most skilful stone-throwers in the world,

can impel their primitive missiles equally well with either hand.

A visit to a menagerie will prove that monkeys are perfectly indifferent which hand they use. A parrot will sometimes stretch out one foot (which is really also a hand) for a piece of cake, sometimes the other.

If there was any physiological reason for the development of one hand and arm rather than the other, it would, I think, surely be apparent in these lower types.

Probably, every man and woman who reads this has known what it is to be unable to use a pen because the right hand has received some injury. Many a clerk who is thus incapacitated from business, or lady whose correspondence gets all in arrears because of a gathered finger, would be glad enough if they could write equally well with either hand. Many accidents would be averted if the left hand and arm were as strong and quick as the right. Manual occupations would prove far less fatiguing if both hands could be called upon to bear an equal share of the work, which falls almost exclusively upon the right.

To come from work to play, the cricketer who could bowl with either arm, or throw in a ball fielded with the left hand without having first to transfer it to the right would find himself at a great advantage.

Many forms of sport and exercise, such as rowing, fives, or gymnastics, do give an equal amount of work to either hand. If it were not for them matters would be worse than they are.

Of course, when I say that I am training my children to use both hands alike, I do not mean that they are taught to offer a stranger now the right, now the left hand. They conform to the usual custom in this, as in the use of knife and fork, and other details. But my little girl hems dusters with right or left hand equally well. My boy, who learns carpentering, can drive a nail or use a plane as accurately with one hand as with the other, and in a hundred ways they are both learning to develop the muscles of the left hand and arm as fully as those of the right.—Yours truly,

AMBI-DEXTER.

Edinburgh.

WHY ARE SO MANY OUT OF WORK?

To the Editor of Pearson's Weekly.

DEAR SIR,—The letter of AJAX on this subject is sensible enough. We should hear a great deal less of the distress which lack of employment brings, if only men and women (for the weaker sex cannot nowadays be left out of the question when such subjects as this are discussed), who are dependent upon their own exertions for a livelihood would make themselves more useful "all round."

With most young workers leisure hours are sufficiently few to make it very hard to devote any of them to study, but in these days of keen competition, this must be done if success in life is to be ensured.

The clerk who passes his evenings on a bicycle may have a more enjoyable time than another who spends two or three every week at some institution perfecting himself in branches of knowledge of which the other remains ignorant. But in ten years' time it will probably be found that while the former is still only a clerk with a salary of three pounds a week or so at the most, the latter has raised himself to some responsible position in which his services are far more largely remunerated, his status is a greatly superior one, and he is altogether on a higher level than his desk companion of a decade back.

I know two brothers. One of them was in his younger days a very good runner, and spent all the time he could snatch from business in training for athletic events and competing in them. The other was no athlete, and possessed mental powers quite inferior to those of his brother.

But he made up his mind to get on. He learnt shorthand, French and German thoroughly, with the result that he stepped into the position of private secretary to the head of the large firm where they were both engaged. In this position he worked harder than ever, and spent his spare time in making himself a master of the details of the business, while the athlete was training and racing.

For a time the latter seemed to have all the best of it. He won cups and more or less valuable prizes. Men were glad to be introduced to him. His name was often in the papers, and, as he was a sensible lad, he did not allow himself to be led astray by flattery, or tempted to acquire vicious ways, as many a young fellow in his position would have done.

After a few years, however, his running powers naturally began to fail him, and gradually he found himself obliged to give way to younger men. By degrees he dropped out of the old life, and, becoming engaged, determined to devote himself to business.

He found, however, that he was deficient in knowledge which would enable him to take a higher position than he already occupied; indeed, if the knowledge had been there, others who had been giving more attention to business during the last few years had stepped over his head, and into the positions of trust. So, in disgust, he resigned his place, hoping to get on better elsewhere.

His brother continued to make the most of the opportunities which his early application had put within his grasp, and at this moment is junior partner in the firm

with which he started. The other is still a clerk, and will probably remain one. He has some cups and salad-bowls and butter-dishes, relics of his ancient prowess, of which his young wife is very proud. His brother, on whom he used to rather look down as a "duffer," is a rising man with an income of as many hundreds as he has tens.

This is no fancy sketch, but a plain record of facts. I do not mean by it to infer that all young men who go in for athletics are likely to injure their prospects in life, for I believe that in moderation sports of all kinds are most beneficial. What I want to set forth is the necessity there is for young people to equip themselves with as many attainments as they can manage to acquire.

There are far too many mere clerks, who can write and cypher, and perhaps have some knowledge of shorthand. Let a man or a girl make up his or her mind as to what kinds of knowledge will be most useful to them. Then let them set themselves resolutely to the task of gaining that knowledge, and at the same time lose no opportunity of familiarising themselves with the work at which they are engaged.

Those who do this, and keep steady, will never find themselves out of work while health holds good. They will not only be sure of making a living, but will have every chance of getting on really well in the world.—

Yours faithfully,

A. G. E.

Kensington.

THE RECREATIONS OF WORKING GIRLS.

To the Editor of Pearson's Weekly.

DEAR SIR,—A WORKING GIRL has, without doubt, written on a subject of the greatest importance. If young women of her class were able to go in for healthy exercise as freely as their brothers can, there would be less heard about the amount of illness that is rife amongst them, than can ever be the case so long as the only exercise they take is the amount of walking they are obliged to do in getting from their homes to the places where their work lies.

In some cases this is no doubt sufficient; but, as a rule, it is not, and the ill effects of toiling in stuffy work-rooms is not counterbalanced, as it should be, by the healthful influences of exercise in the fresh air. It is useless to expect that girls will go for walks together in their few leisure hours. Some inducement to take exercise, similar to that offered their brothers by football or cricket bat, is needed.

Girls must have some game which will lead them to run about in the open air, without putting too severe a tax upon their strength. For this purpose a gentle form of cricket might well be improvised. Let the ball be soft, the wickets ten yards apart instead of twenty-two, and the bat much smaller and lighter than a proper cricket bat. The rules of ordinary cricket will suffice, and the game could be quite as well played in a field in summer, or on a piece of hard ground in winter. To make a perfectly smooth pitch unnecessary I would suggest that the wickets be four feet high, and that only the upper half be aimed at, so that the ball will never touch the ground at all until hit by the batswoman.

Organisation is, of course, needed. It is of no use to say to working girls, "Here's a capital game for you. Play it." Those who have the interests of young women having to make their livings in factories and workrooms at heart—and there are such people in every town—must turn their attention to developing this question if any good is to result from it. The girls will be ready enough to join in if someone will lead them and arrange the preliminaries.

The articles necessary for such a game as I have mentioned would be very cheap, and a little trouble would generally result in obtaining leave to play upon some waste piece of ground.

Had I the time or the means, there are few things I should like better than to set the ball rolling, but this is, unfortunately, impossible. I hope, however, that the suggestion contained in these few lines may lead others, who are able to take the matter up.—Yours sincerely,

AN OUNCE OF PRACTICE.

Portsmouth.

For all letters published we shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column or about 5d. a line. Senders of letters should, therefore, enclose name and address. It must please be understood that we do not identify ourselves with opinions advanced on this page. They are those of the writers of the letters; we merely exercise supervision over the general nature of the correspondence.

"THAT was a serious accident," remarked Mrs. Bawno, looking up from the paper, "Policeman McNab attacked by a furious bull, and thrown into the air."

"Not very serious," replied Bawno; "it was merely the loss of a copper."

A HOUSEHOLD journal advises people to "keep the mouth shut" if they wish to avoid catarrh and other complaints. It is good advice. Many men might have escaped serious attacks of nose bleeding by simply keeping the mouth shut, and badly damaged eyes have resulted from not taking a similar precaution.

ROUND THE WORLD IN 76 DAYS.

AN AMERICAN LADY'S WONDERFUL JOURNEY.

VIII.

We leave this olla-podrida of all nations behind, and mount into a broad street curved around the flank of the hill. On the upper side of it is the heavy wall of the Portuguese convent, once painted a lovely light blue, and now freaked and stained a thousand charming tints by time and weather. Creepers bearing great yellow flower discs trail across it; trees shadow it, and the convent's massive outlines loom from behind. . . . A beautiful work is done inside in teaching Chinese girls the sweet decencies of life and pretty feminine arts. Opposite is my friend's house—two storeys of stone surrounded by great verandahs. The coolies run down a curving flight of steps and deposit us at the door.

These Hong Kong houses have admirable interiors. A lofty hall divides this one, terminating on a rear verandah, with a wide view of the precipitous white city, buried in verdure, sloping down to the flashing emerald of the bay, ringed with its tawny hills. The hall is filled with more potted plants, and massive furniture of Indian ebony and marble. To the left is a great drawing-room fifty feet long and eighteen high, with a dozen windows. Here are more palms and ferns, rich European fittings and Eastern bric-a-brac. Scattered about are photographs of all the Hohenzollerns, for my friends are Germans. We rest awhile in the cool, green gloom of this apartment, and drink tea brought by a tall yellow gentleman in silk trousers, a black satin cap, and a crisp, rustling, blue gown reaching nearly to his ankles. My bedchamber is another huge, shadowy place, with a dressing-room and bath as large as the ordinary drawing-room at home, and furnished with the old mahogany and silver fittings brought from Germany two generations ago. Its airy, unencumbered spaces remind me of the fine old bed-chambers in the plantation houses at home in the South.

Here I am awakened in the morning by another pigtailed gentleman who brings me my tea, prepares my bath, and arranges all things ready for my toilet. Female servants in Hong Kong are rare, and after the first surprise is over these clean, grave, male-maids seem perfectly efficient and convenient servitors. Our meals are stately functions—adorned, of course, with profuse greenery and flowers—with fine wines and delicate food exquisitely prepared. . . . A sumptuous Eastern life that flows on with cool and unobtrusive repose and gravity. I was never in a German household before, and find here many pretty unfamiliar customs—one of them a nice fashion of repeating upon rising from the table a German phrase which expresses mutual goodwill and affection, a sort of grace of friendship after meat. There is a careful, sweet civility, too, in their intercourse with one another very pleasant to share. . . . In all our expeditions about the place we are luxuriously carried by our coolies, who apparently put forth no special effort or haste, but with whom a rapid walker with no burden is unable to keep pace. The streets are a panorama of unending interest. Rikishas are employed occasionally in the level part of the town, but the general mode of travelling in the steeper streets is by chairs, the distinctive livery of private bearers consisting of the colour of the border of their white garments. Stout, haughty, red-faced Britons go by in these chairs, and occasionally a covered one is met, with bamboo blinds, in which sits an equally fat and haughty mandarin. Coolies run about at a dog trot bearing immense burdens swung at the two ends of a pole carried on their naked, muscular, yellow shoulders. Pretty round-faced children dressed exactly like their elders, play in the doorways and smile back at the passer-by. There is a general public amiability—without the gay and gracious vivacity of Japan—in all except the lowest class of labourers. They toil terribly and incessantly for infinitesimal sums, and by the most minute economies manage to exist—to continue these labours and privations. They are old in youth, parched, callous, and dully indifferent. Incapable of further disappointment they exist with the stolid patience of those who expect only stones and serpents, having abandoned all hopes of bread and fish.

The town is growing and prosperous. The shops, hotels, clubs, and counting houses are handsome stone buildings with deep arcade-like verandahs and pointed arches. The banks and public buildings are imposing and massive, and the place is noisy with the sound of masons' tools. The harbour for 200 yards in front of the Praya (the broad water street) is shallow, and preparations are being made to fill it up and give Hong Kong the benefit of this extra width of level land. The same was done some years ago at Kow-Loon on the opposite side of the harbour, where Britain owns a strip of the mainland. On this reclaimed land fine wharves lined with godowns (warehouses) have been built, and huge dry docks and shipyards established where ship-building goes industriously on and the largest vessels afloat can put in for repairs. The export trade in cotton, tea, silk, spices, and rice is enormous and the place develops year by year considerable manufacturing industries.

Though three great lines of Trans-Pacific steamers

ply between Hong Kong and America there is only one resident of that nationality in the city besides the consul. The British, Germans, Parsees, and Chinamen conduct its business. The strategic importance of Hong Kong is so great that four or five warships are always in its harbour or cruise in the neighbourhood, and two full regiments are kept in garrison. At the time of my visit one of these regiments was of Highlanders who wear in this hot climate white jackets and helmets with their kilts. They are being put through a rapid and vigorous drill one morning when we pass the parade ground and the pipes are shrilly skirling—music to stir the heart in which runs the smallest drop of Scotch blood. Not even the Sikh policemen stand first in my affections at this moment, as—to that wild, keen sound—the solid ranks of brawny, red-haired Caledonians trot by with their petticoats fluttering about their bare knees, and their bayonets set in a glittering hedge. . . . Oh, braw sight! . . . Oh, bonny lads! . . . Scotland for ever!

The climate of Hong Kong at this season is of Eden. Airs of Paradise wave through the splendid tropical foliage. The sun is pleasantly hot at midday, and the mornings and evenings are dewily cool. Coolies do their work naked to the waist, but ordinary European garments are comfortable. From every point is seen either the light flashing from green waters, or the red and yellow hills outlined against a turquoise sky. My friends are loth that I should lose a single pleasure, and we are out all day long in this adorable weather. One of our paths lies through the green twilight of the Botanical Gardens filled with such vegetation as I have always regarded with a doubting eye in the picture of the Asiatic half of the geography. We pass under the tremulous lacey shadows of ferns twenty feet high—through trellises weighted with ponderous vines that blow a myriad perfumed purple trumpets up to the golden noon—and emerge upon sunny spaces where fountains are sprinkling silver rain upon banks of crimson and orange flowers. The flaxen-haired, muslin-clad British children play here, cared for by prim, trousered Chinese amahs; and we meet pretty blue-eyed German ladies in their chairs taking this road home.

Another expedition leads to the top of the peak whose head is 2,000 feet above the water and up whose side the town climbs year by year. Our way—at an angle of forty-five degrees—is by a tram dragged up the mountain by means of an endless chain. This peak is the city's summer resort and pleasuring ground. Handsome bungalows cling to its steep sides, built in the Italian style of warm cream-white stone. There is ten degrees difference in temperature between the peak and the town, and a summer hotel is in process of construction at the top. . . . We can see from here how the water flows between the hills, and how the harbour broadens to bays, and narrows to straits between the island mountains. Only at Rio Janerio and Sydney, they tell me, is there a harbour whose beauty compares to this. The man in charge of the windy signal station comes out and explains to us the various ways in which the town is warned of the coming vessels, and also points out to us an extremely low-spirited and discontented looking lady, with battered features, who turns her back upon us and stares in unwinking disgust out to sea. She was once the gay and gilded figurehead of the *Princess Charlotte*, wrecked in these waters long since, and plainly resents what she looks upon as her fall in life, and the banal jocosity of those who rescued her, bobbing detachedly about in the sheltered cove, and brought her up here to assist a low signal officer.

Our chairs have come up by another way and we are to be carried down the long winding road sinking by slow stages to the town. During the first stage we are in full sunlight, passing under the walls of the white palace-like bungalows with smooth-shaven tennis courts where ruddy-cheeked, spare-joined young Englishmen toss the ball to fair-haired, light-footed English girls. Then the road—the earth here is a thousand beautiful shades of buff and rose—winds about to the East and we pass into the shadows. A tiny Greek church with a sparsely populated graveyard clings to the declivity above us, and from far below comes the faint cool sound of waters foaming around the foot of the hills.

The sun has set. . . . only the utmost heights are gilded now, and the twilight deepens on our path. We swing around the hills—in and out—and down, down—with smooth, easy motion to the regular pad, pad, pad of the bearers' feet. Here and there in the dusk we discern the scarlet turban of the Sikh warders, standing motionless as bronze statues. Below in the harbour the lights of the town, the ships and the flitting sampans sparkle through the faint evening mist like multitudinous fireflies. The town climbs the hill to meet us and we pass into the still heavier gloom of trees. A great pure calm reigns here where we sink into this cool flood of darkness. . . . shadowy figures go by noiselessly on unshod feet. . . .

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A lordly pleasure dome decree—"

Kubla Khan came to tiffin one day—a handsome dark gentleman of forty years or so, with very white teeth and eyes like black velvet. He wore extremely well-fitting London clothes, and in his soft slow voice he signified that on the morrow he would take us to see the

pleasure dome—not yet entirely complete. . . . Kubla Khan was his name in Xanadu, of course, but in Hong Kong, for the sake of convenience and brevity he was called Catchik Chater. Also for convenience and brevity he gave it out that he was a British subject, resident in China, born in India, and with a certain mixture of Greek and Armenian blood in his veins; naturally in Xanadu his rank and pedigree were far more complicated. . . . It had been his fancy to come to Hong Kong twenty years before without bringing with him any drafts on his treasury, and in the interim he had collected something like a million pounds it was said. It was he who had made the long water front at Kow-Loon, rescuing it from the sea, and had covered it with great godowns filled with merchandise of the East, and it was he who was proposing the same feat on the opposite side of the harbour. He had interested himself in the banks, the shipyards, and manufactures of various sorts, and he now felt prepared to erect in China a repetition of Xanadu pleasure dome. He took us first to see his docks and godowns, resounding with the loud clangors of trade, and then through the grassy Kow-Loon plains by a wide red road, shadowed with banana trees to this lordly pavilion set on the crest of many flowering terraces, its pale yellow outlines cut cameo-like against the burning blue of the equatorial sky. To the right was the naked side of a hill all deep tinted buff, warmed with red, and everywhere else a sea of satin-leaved tropical foliage.

The centre of the pavilion is a great banquetting hall with domed roof thirty feet above the tessellated pavement. The walls are frescoed in the same deep cream colour of the exterior, touched here and there with blue and rose and gold. Twenty lofty arched doors give on the verandah, where beyond the roses on the terrace, glitter the green waters of the harbour. At each end of the banquetting hall opens a drawing-room set with mirrors and lined with divans. Beneath are tiled bath-rooms, needed in this hot climate after using the tennis courts and bowling alleys. Here Kubla Khan's guests come—come by twenties and fifties—and feast splendidly on high days and holidays and on hot starlit tropical nights. It is like the sumptuous fancy of some splendid Roman noble pro-consul to an Eastern province. The pavilion for the moment is in the hands of workmen, so we may not dine there; but we do dine with the Khan in his town house, eating through many courses, drinking many costly wines and served by a phalanx of tall Celestials in rustling blue gowns.

(To be continued.)

BINKS: "I had my diamond pin stolen last night."
Inspector: "How can it be identified?"
Binks: "It had a patent thief-safety-chain attached."

GOVERNNESS: "What is a continent? (Dead silence.)
Does no one know?"
Johnny (aged eight): "I know. It's a place where people go when they're married."

He had just returned from his first visit to the great city, and in that far-off village he was looked upon as quite a traveller—one who had seen the world.
"An' whit think ye o' Glesca, mon?" inquired a friend.
"Oh, it's weel enough," returned the great traveller, naively; "bit, man, I couldna see it for hooses."

MEDICUS, SEN.: "Well, young man, have you any thing of interest to report?"
Medicus, jun.: "I have discovered a freezing compound that beats anything discovered."
M., s.: "What is the formula?"
M., j.: "It is composed of equal parts of the expression of Bullion's face when I asked for the hand of his daughter, and that of my nearest friend when I requested a small loan."

SHE WAS JOKING.—"No," said she, "I-I can only be a sister to you."
"Very well," said he, "I must be going. I had expected a different answer, but—well, good night."
"George," she faltered, as he was leaving the room; "George."
"What is it?" he asked, crossly.
"Aren't you going to kiss your sister good night?"
He did not go.

EXPLAINING A PHRASE.—"So you say you were once chased by Arabs?" said Ethelinda to her bashful lover George.
"Yes," replied George; "three of us were chased an entire day by a band of them."
"And you received no injury?"
"No. We got away from them, but it was a pretty tight squeeze."
"A what?"
"A tight squeeze."
"What's that?"
"You don't know what a tight squeeze is? Well, e—that is to say—bless me, you know—I, er—think it's about time you did know. I—er—will give you an illustration."
And he did.

WHY HE LET THE MATTER DROP.

A SOLEMN-LOOKING citizen appeared recently at police headquarters, and, beckoning the superintendent into a private room, said:

"You know that £80 robbery at my house that I reported yesterday morning?"

"Certainly; and I have put two of our best men on the case, and—"

"Well, I—ahem—I have decided not to pursue the matter; you needn't take any further steps. In fact—"

"You don't mean to say you have recovered the money?"

"Oh, no; not at all."

"Found a clue, oh?"

"Well, n-o-o, not exactly. The fact is that the money was taken out of my coat pocket at night, and—this morning my wife brought home a new seal-skin jacket."

"Ah!"

"And so you see I have about concluded to let the matter drop—let the matter drop;" and, with a deep sigh, the bereaved husband drifted out.

HOW NIAGARA RAN DRY.

ON March 29, 1848, a remarkable phenomenon occurred. The preceding winter had been intensely cold, and the ice formed on Lake Erie was unusually thick. In the warm days of early spring this mass of ice was loosened round the shores of the lake, and detached from them. During the forenoon of the day named a stiff easterly wind moved it up the lake. A little before sunset the wind chopped suddenly round, and blew a gale from the west. This brought the vast field of ice back again with such tremendous force, that it filled in the neck of the lake and its outlet so as to form a very effective dam, that caused a remarkable diminution in the outflow of the water.

Of course, it needed but little time for the Falls to drain off the water below this dam. The consequence was that on the morning of the following day the river was nearly half gone. The American channel had dwindled to a deep and narrow creek. The Canadian channel seemed to have been smitten with consumption, and to be fast passing away.

Far up from the head of Goat Island and out into the Canadian rapids, and from the foot of Goat Island out beyond the old Tower to the deep channel of the Horseshoe Fall, the water was gone. The rocks were bare, black, and forbidding. The roar of Niagara had subsided to a moan. This extraordinary syncope of the waters lasted all day, and night closed over the strange scene. But during the night the dam gave way, and the next morning the river was restored in all its strength, beauty, and majesty.

FROM SKINS TO SPRING MATTRESS.

THE STORY OF BEDS AND BEDDING.

LONG after the Roman invasion, the Britons continued to emulate the example of the ancients by sleeping on skins, which were spread upon the floors of their rude huts, or beneath trees in the open air. Yet, in some parts of the island, the adoption of loose rushes and reeds was copied from the invaders; and so firm a hold did these two species of bedding material obtain at length, that, to within a few years ago, the Welsh still slept upon the former, while the Highlanders of Scotland lie upon heather to this day. Another kind of bedding peculiar to the Scotch is chaff.

In course of time, when the pursuits of agriculture supplied them with the means, and the Romans suggested its use, straw made its appearance as giving better accommodation. As to the Romans themselves, the beds of the wealthier among them were stuffed with the finest feathers or wool; and the inns furnished beds filled with the soft down of reeds. Still the use of straw as bedding continued to hold its own among them, and as late even as the conquest of Lancashire, it was discovered that the Roman officers and their soldiers slept upon it in preference to any other material. It was, therefore, from these invaders that the Britons learnt its use.

For some time straw beds were held to be somewhat of a luxury, scarcely to be coveted by the poorer orders of the population; and, coming down to the beginning of the twelfth century, we find the beds of the poorer Welsh filled with rushes. With the wealthy, however, beds of straw continued in constant request for many generations; it was used in the Royal bedchambers towards the close of the thirteenth century, while the French and Italians have employed the same material even down to our own time.

About this period—that is, when the Romans had firmly established themselves in Britain—a framework erected upon pedestals to contain bedding gradually asserted itself. This was of the rudest description, being a kind of wooden bier of sufficient dimensions to accommodate a single person, and perhaps boarded up at the head and sides for greater warmth and security.

These early bedsteads were, however, strictly con-

fined to the gentry; the common Roman soldiery still rested upon the ground, and this primitive custom was observed by the Britons themselves to the last. These ground-beds were always ranged along the walls of their houses, and formed one common dormitory for all the members of the family. The same practice continued among the Welsh during several centuries, and with the least cultured portion of the Highlanders down to a comparatively recent period.

If the bedsteads of the Anglo-Saxons and early English were of the rudest type, their bedding was, nevertheless, of the most creditable description. Sheets were plentiful. The Anglo-Saxon quilts were composed of the finest skins, and other rich stuffs. We find in them also cloth of gold. In other instances they were of needlework upon silk. Curtains were used, hung upon rings from a tester. They were mostly of silk, satin, or velvet, and embroidered with the name of the sleeper in gold or lace.

The bolsters were two in number, one placed at the top and the other at the foot of the bed, and extremely hard. Presently, when these were filled with a softer material, such as straw, they became more like modern pillows, and the bolsters disappeared. Later on the pillows were piled one upon another, so that the sleeper, so far from lying low, was literally propped up into an almost sitting posture, which was the fashion among the Danes of that period, as it still is among the Germans at the present day.

As to blankets, they were similar to those used by the Romans—namely, of goat's or bear's skin, with the fur on, or the finest wool, and later of fustian. A pair were often used, but a single blanket was most usual. The rug was a Gaulish invention, and did not come into fashion until long afterwards. During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries beds composed of worsted became exceedingly common, and various bequests of worsted beds are yet extant among the records of our old families.

These worsted beds bore a great value, and perhaps more than anything else, beds figured in the last testaments of the nobility. Nor was royalty excepted. From the will of Edward the Black Prince we gather the following bequest: "To our son Richard the bed which the King our father gave us. To Sir Roger de Clarendon a silk bed. To Sir Robert de Walsingham, our confessor, a large bed of red camora, with arms embroidered at each corner, also embroidered with the arms of Hereford. To Mons. Alayne Cheyne our bed of camora, powdered with blue eagles."

The curtains were always of the same materials as the beds; and those of silk, of worsted, of camora, of tapestry, and of cloth of gold, were in request on great occasions, when they were frequently taken down from the bedchambers of the wealthy and suspended in the churches at festivals, or in front of the balconies of their windows when viewing a passing show or procession. The sixteenth century curtains were still richer, and towards its close, bed-hangings of cloth of gold and silver, gold and silver fringes, lace, and crimson velvet, damask, and satin were largely possessed by the gentry.

So much for the bed-furniture; but, with regard to the more solid structure, it remained for a long period in the most primitive form. The Anglo-Saxon bedsteads differed from those of the earlier Britons in being raised from the ground. Posts and testers, as well as rods and rings for curtains, are visible in some rare specimens that have come down to us.

A bedstead, but without the posts (which, by the way, are peculiar to no particular period), of the reign of Henry III. has been found, and one of the fifteenth century is even more conformable in all respects to our own. Here the boards of the head, with the testers, are elaborately carved. In the sixteenth century the bedsteads were very massive, the posts being very large and curiously carved, and the wood oak throughout.

All these different stages in the architecture of our bedstead naturally lead us to the modern four-poster, which is indigenous only to British soil. Few things are more imposing than the British four-poster tastefully fitted up with all its belongings. It is always of sufficient size to accommodate two persons, and according to time-honoured regulation, should be of the following dimensions: lying portion, 6 ft. 6 in. by 5 ft. 2 in.; height from the floor, 2 ft. 9 in.; height of the posts from the floor to the top of the cornice, 9 ft.

The posts should be of mahogany, finely turned and carved, when, with its curtains of damask, its spring mattress below and woollen mattress above, together with its full complement of sheets, blankets, bolster, and pillows, such a family heirloom should be worth at all times from £50 to £80.

AN enamoured swain, who recently caught the small-pox from his sweetheart, and became woefully pitted, while she escaped with an unmarred cuticle, fell on his knees before her at their first meeting thereafter, and thanked her for so many marks of her love.

NARROW ESCAPE.—Barber (running his hands through customer's hair): "Your head, sir, is quite—"
Customer (irritably): "You gave it a shampoo yourself two days ago."

Barber (recovering quickly): "—is quite a remarkable, well-shaped head, sir."

THE COST OF YACHTING.

THOUGH the discomforts which formerly attended racing have been removed, the great increase in the initial cost and the heavy expense of keeping a racing yacht in commission deter many keen sailors from joining in the pastime. Roughly estimated, a first-class racing yacht of composite construction—that is, steel frames planked with wood and sheathed with copper—classed twenty-one years at Lloyd's, and without upholstering extravagances of any kind, will cost, if of 20 tons yacht measurement, about £1,800; of 40 tons, £3,500; of 80 tons, £7,000.

The suits of canvas which would be included in the above, but which might have to be renewed at the commencement of the season, would cost for a 20-ton boat, £200; 40-ton boat, £450; 80-ton boat, £850. The cost of racing, inclusive of fitting out and laying up, would be, for a 20-ton boat, £800; a 40-ton boat, £1,200, and a 90-ton boat, £2,000.

Men's wages would run away with a large proportion, the captain being paid from £150 to £200, and more, according to ability, while allowed from 5 to 10 per cent. on the winnings, whether in cups or money. The members of the crew get 26s. per week, and have during the racing days an unlimited supply of beer, £1 each for winning a prize, and 10s. for every time they start but lose, as a reward for their hard work during the contest.

Two caps, two Guernsey frocks, one pair of yachting shoes, one pair of leather "go-shoes," a suit of ducks, and sometimes a suit of oilskins are also nice little perquisites. Possibly the owner of a cruising yacht which is not raced may think these wages high, but it has to be kept in mind that not every sailor makes a first-class yachtsman; one may be a splendid hand on board a square-rigged ship, and equal to every emergency which arises therein, but to win yacht races he must be an expert in many things which are not practised in the Navy or the ships of our mercantile fleets.

Nor do ordinary fishermen become first-class yachtsmen, as the Marquis of Ailsa found out when he first raced his famous little cutter, *Foxhound*. With commendable patriotism his lordship had his new boat manned by fishermen from the little village of Dunure, on his own estate on the Ayrshire coast of the Clyde. All were hardy seamen and splendid fellows in their own little boats, but they were of no use against the experienced men of Colchester, who, in the close of the season for oyster fishing, have long made yacht-racing a profitable business. On the advice of yacht-racing men the crew of the *Foxhound* was changed, with the result that the little vessel proved herself a marvel of speed in her class.

"WHAT is love?" asked an editor. He has since been deluged with answers mostly from the fair sex. One lady says: "Love is an itching of the heart that we cannot get at to scratch."

MISS FLORENCE MARRYAT says the only way to subjugate a man is to sit on him. A man will bear a good deal of that kind of subjugation before marriage, but afterwards is apt to suggest that chairs were made for the purpose.

"ARE you still taking painting lessons, Mamie?"

"No, I left yesterday; I don't like my teacher."

"Why not?"

"He has such a disagreeable way of talking. He told me that if I kept on some time longer I might be able to whitewash a paling."

A DISTRICT visitor was talking to a man who had recently been in that species of "trouble" which is associated with high walls and iron bars.

"And was the prison chaplain kind to you, my man?" she inquired, tenderly.

"Kind, miss! Why, bless you, he couldn't have been kinder to me if I had been condemned to be hanged; so there."

It was little Dot's first visit to a farm, and she went with her aunt to see how the pigs were fed. The little one gazed in astonishment at the young porkers for a moment, and then placing her hand on her curly hair, she said reflectively:—

"Aunty?"

"Yes, dear."

"Does 'oo put all the piggies' tails in curl papers?"

BRICK-A-BRACKERY.—An amateur is discussing with a dealer the price of a set of old china.

"But," says he, "it's too dear. There is not a piece in the set that has not been broken and mended."

"Why, sir," says the dealer, "that is what makes its value." Then slowly and impressively—"That is the set Napoleon dashed to the floor when he was enraged at the defection of Bernadotte."

Amateur: "Dear me. Is that so? Are you certain of it?"

Dealer: "Positive—perfectly sure." Briskly—"But, if you prefer it intact, I have the same set unbroken."

FACTS.

26,000 men are employed at the Krupp gun works.
An average of 1,000 pigs are eaten in London daily.
Bass's pay about £4,000 a week to the railway companies for carriage.

In England there is only one place of worship to about every 4,000 persons.

STANDINGS are provided for only 5,000 cabs in London, though there are over 11,000 licensed vehicles.

THE death-rate of the sailors in the mercantile marine is twelve per 1,000—lower than on land.

MORE than 40,000,000 of postal orders are now issued annually, and the amount thus sent through the post exceeds £16,000,000.

A FAT man's club, containing 109 members, and representing an aggregate weight of 24,000 pounds, flourishes in Mount Pleasant, Michigan, U.S.A.

TRAVELLERS on the Austrian and Hungarian railways are now able to borrow books at railway stations to read on their journey. The fee is about 8d. a volume.

FROM a single strawberry farm at Orpington, the proprietor got 500 tons of fruit, an amount which, even at 2d. a pound, represents a turnover of more than £9,000.

AN English writer, who, for fifteen years or more, has been a student of criminal anthropology, says that large, voluminous ears are the most marked characteristic of the criminal.

THERE are forests of leafless trees in some parts of Australia. They respire, so to say, through a little stem, apparently answering the purpose of a leaf. The tree is known as "the leafless acacia."

SIR JAMES PAGET once calculated that the loss from sickness averaged twenty million weeks of work in the year, or 2½ per cent. of the work done by the whole population between fifteen and sixty-five years of age.

THE custom of lifting the hat had its origin when knights never appeared in public except in full armour, but upon entering an assembly of friends the knight removed his helmet, the act signifying, "I am safe in the presence of my friends."

CLEANLINESS might be supposed to aid in prolonging life, yet a Mrs. Lawson, who died in the early part of this century, aged 106, must have been a singularly dirty woman. We are told that instead of washing she smeared her face with lard, and asserted that "people who washed always caught cold."

THE average weekly wages paid at the present time to agricultural labourers in England is about 18s.; in France, about 14s.; in Germany, 12s. 6d. to 12s. 9d.; and in the United States, about 25s. but, in the latter case, board is also included. In 1860, English labourers received about 9s. 7d. weekly; French, 9s.; German, 7s. 6d.; and American, 16s (with board).

As an illustration of the enormous increase in the value of land in Berlin during the last thirty years, the following case may be taken:—A piece of land in a street in the northern suburbs thirty years ago sold for about £480, it having been bought for £220. This property is now offered for sale, and the present proprietor demands £150,000. The former proprietor is still alive.

RUSSIAN TOWNS.—Excluding the two capitals, there is not a single city in the whole of Russia, properly so called, which would be deemed a large town in Britain. Only twenty have a population exceeding 60,000, and only 150 count more than 10,000 inhabitants. Not more than one in eight of the 80,000,000 who make up the subjects of Alexander III. can be called a townsman. The remaining seven-eighths of the people are dwellers in isolated village communities.

WHAT ALCOHOL DOES.—"But, doctor, I must have some kind of a stimulant," cried the patient, earnestly; "I am cold, and it warms me." "Precisely," came the doctor's answer. "See, this stick is cold," taking up a stick of wood from the box beside the hearth, and tossing it into the fire. "Now it is warm; but is the stick benefitted?" The patient watched the wood first send out little puffs of smoke, and then burst into flame, and replied, "Of course not; it is burning away." "And so are you when you warm yourself with alcohol; you are literally burning up the delicate tissues of your stomach and brain."

A MARVELLOUS BUSINESS.—The business of Messrs. Lever Brothers, of Sunlight Soap fame, fully merits this title. They commenced the manufacture of their commodity in January, 1886, in works with a capacity for turning out twenty tons a week. In June, 1886, the works were enlarged to a capacity of ninety tons per week; a little later they were again enlarged to a capacity of 220 tons per week; in June, 1887, again to a capacity of 460 tons, this being the utmost extent that was then possible. In February, 1888, Messrs. Lever Brothers took fifty-two acres of land on the Cheshire side of the Mersey, and have there put up a factory with a capacity of 750 tons a week. Probably so rapid a growth of business as this is absolutely unprecedented.

THE railways of America employ over 2,000,000 men. Or the 19,084,659 acres of land contained in Scotland, not quite 4,500,000 are in a state of cultivation.

THE French people are great on chicken-raising. A return gives the income derived by them from this industry as £87,000,000.

IN Germany water pipes are being made of glass with asphalt covering to prevent fracture. It is claimed that they give thorough protection against moisture in the ground, against the action of acids and alkalis, and that they cannot be penetrated by gases. It is also believed that they will not become encrusted.

BIG CHEQUES.—The Great Indian Peninsular Railway Company have quite recently drawn a cheque on the London and County Bank for £1,250,000. This has been stated to be the largest ever drawn, but such is not the case, as at the Clearing House cheques for equal and larger amounts are seen. A cheque for over £3,000,000 was paid through the Clearing House in 1879 or 1880. It was drawn on Messrs. Glyn and Co., and was paid to the Bank of England.

THE QUEEN'S FAMILY CIRCLE.—At this time Her Majesty's family circle numbers fifty living descendants, including sons and daughters, grandsons and granddaughters, great-grandsons and great-granddaughters. Besides whom she has four sons-in-law, four daughters-in-law, five grandsons-in-law, and one granddaughter-in-law. The Queen has lost one son and one daughter, five grandsons, one granddaughter, one great-grandson, and one son-in-law. If these were living, her family circle would number seventy-four.

THE LARGEST TOMBSTONE IN THE WORLD.—Monuments to distinguished persons omitted, this is probably that of the late Henry Scarlett, of Upson County, Georgia, U.S.A. Scarlett was a hermit, fleeing the world because he had been disappointed in love. Several years before his death, in the spring of 1888, he selected a monster boulder—a miniature mountain of granite, 100 feet by 200 feet in dimensions—for a tombstone, and had it appropriately lettered by a marble cutter. A cave fitted up as a lofty tomb was excavated under the huge mass, Scarlett himself giving directions for carrying on the work. When he died his friends, neighbours, and relatives carried his body to this spot and deposited it under the rock; and to-day the remains of Henry Scarlett, the luckless lover, repose under the most gigantic tombstone in the world.

DOES A MAN OWN HIS HEAD?—One of the questions which a man recently left his heirs to quarrel over was the right to his head. The deceased had sold it to the local physician in consideration of his paying the funeral expenses; and when the time came for the delivery to be made, he called for it, but the heirs, who said they were perfectly willing to pay the funeral expenses themselves, demurred, and refused to carry out the agreement. In the meantime the value of the head for purposes of dissection, if that is what the physician wanted it for, is rapidly diminishing, and soon will be at vanishing point. The courts have at various times held that there could be no property, in the ordinary sense in which the term is used, in a dead body, and the interesting question now comes up whether the ownership, such as it is, is vested in the person himself or in his representatives.

HOW THE BANK OF ENGLAND IS PROTECTED.—The public entrance doors of the great building of the Bank of England are so finely balanced that a clerk merely by pressing a knob under his desk can close them instantly. This, of course, has been designed with a view to prevent robbery by mobs. But inside the building ingenious machinery has also been set up to prevent robbery by persons who by cunning have gained access to the premises at night, or by dishonest officials. The bullion departments are nightly submerged in several feet of water, and wherever the money is stored there ingenious alarms have been fixed up. If during the day a dishonest person should take even so much as one from a heap of a thousand sovereigns in the safe the whole pile would immediately sink, and a pool of water occupy its place, beside letting every person in the establishment know of the theft.

DO BIRDS TEACH EACH OTHER TO SING?—All singing birds are instructed in their art by the elder males. They are real singing masters. Song is not with birds as is popularly supposed, an innate or inherited faculty; it has to be acquired. Young birds, when captured, only learn to sing correctly when placed under tuition. Consequently, when it is wished that a bird should learn any particular strain of some other singer, they should be placed in the same room, apart from all other sounds, as birds are so prone to imitate that, unless removed from miscellaneous sounds, they will spoil their song by introducing bad notes. A good canary, nightingale, goldfinch, skylark, or woodlark makes a good music master for young birds. In Thuringia birds are selected for teachers, which, instead of noisy bursts, descend regularly through all the notes of the octave with a silvery sonorous voice. Many birds in the wild state imitate their fellows till it is difficult to recognise their natural song. As a rule, most birds naturally sing like their parents, and have to be taken from them when quite babies to prevent it.

SIR WALTER BULLER has taken on himself the whole blame of the introduction of the sparrow into New Zealand. He told the Philosophical Society at Wellington the other day that, in the year 1865, he had offered £100 for a hundred sparrows landed in the colony, and paid the money. He added that he took credit to himself for his conduct, being convinced that the sparrow is a much greater friend to the farmers than people are disposed to admit.

A CURIOUS and practical illustration of the force of water was made the other day in a Scotch town. A bet was offered that the strongest of men could not stand a quart of water dropped into his hand from a height of but one yard. A great stalwart fellow accepted the bet, thinking he could easily bear such a small matter; but before 500 drops had fallen he roared out he had had enough. Each drop seemed to crush his hand, and a great blister had formed in the centre of it. A very simple matter, but a good illustration of the old adage, "Constant dropping wears away stones."

PREPARATIONS FOR THE CENSUS.—The authorities at Somerset House are actively preparing for taking the census next year. About 8,000,000 schedules are required for England and Wales; 40,000 enumerators will be required. They are appointed by the registrars of births and deaths. The immense amount of clerical work involved in the census will also necessitate the appointment of a large number of temporary clerks, who will be selected by public competition, and the conditions of the competition will be shortly issued by the Civil Service Commissioners. The day fixed for the census is Sunday, April 5. The collection of the papers will be made on the following day. The Board of Works have appropriated for the purpose of the census-takers the large piece of waste land lying between Great George Street, Westminster, and the Government Offices, upon which two large buildings are being erected.

WHAT OUR JUDGES CAN DO.—Being free from all anxiety—for no servant of the State has so secure a position as a judge, who can only be removed from his office by a joint address of both Houses—with congenial work, regular hours, and regular holidays, a judge ought to live to a great age. Most of them do so. Several among them have intellectual pursuits other than the law, and enjoy ample time in which to gratify them. One is devoted to a physical science, and is said to know even more of it than of law; another is a skilful painter, and has been hung on the line; another is an eminent Greek and Latin scholar, and would probably edit classical books sooner than do anything else if he thought a judge might decorously do so; another is an ardent essayist; another a learned and widely read musician, and a skilful performer on the violin; another is understood to legislate unofficially for what is commonly called our greatest of national sports, and, if so, must have enough to do.

THE CZAR'S PLEASANT LIFE AT HOME AND ABROAD.—A train *de luxe* for the Emperor of Russia has been ordered from the South of France Railway Company. The train, which is to be delivered with the utmost dispatch, will consist of luggage vans and saloon, dining, and sleeping carriage. It is not likely that it is intended for immediate use, for in that case a second set of carriages similar in every respect would have been ordered, as the Czar is always preceded or followed on his railway journeys by a dummy train, the risk of a dynamite accident being thus reduced by one half. Probably, however, the second train will be copied in Russia from the French model. The Emperor's personal bodyguard now consists of Corsicans, some of whom are employed in the Imperial kitchen, for His Majesty is in constant terror of being poisoned, while the others keep an unceasing watch over the private apartments of the Emperor wherever he may be residing, and they "shadow" him in all his walks, rides, and drives. This corps has been organised by M. Pietri, a nephew of the celebrated Prefect of Police of Napoleon III.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND HIS TITLE.—As a result of the movement which is now on foot for the renovation and improvement of the lofty monument to the Duke of Wellington, which stands on a spur of the Blackdown Hills, overlooking the little town of Wellington, Somerset, the question of the reasons which prompted his Grace to take his title from the town has once again been raised. Formerly it was generally believed that he chose to connect himself with the place for no particular cause beyond the fact that the town had a name which sounded euphoniously when bracketed with a title. Now, however, a new explanation is given. It seems that in the reign of Queen Elizabeth a man named Colley went from the town of Wellington to Ireland, where he afterwards married the heiress of a person named Wesley, and became the ancestor of the Mornington family, from whom the Duke sprang. Subsequently, in the last century, the Weseleys changed their name to Wellesley. It is alleged that these facts induced the Duke to take his title from the town whence his ancestor came. One reason which is adduced in corroboration of this story is that one of the family titles is that of Cowley, which, it is said, is probably merely a more euphonious rendering of the old family name of Colley.

FICTION.

A MERE TRIFLE.—In a company of travellers each one was relating accounts of various adventures of a startling nature that had occurred to them. Presently a Yankee was called upon for his experience. He said:—

"Wall, naow, I don't know that anythin' remarkable ever happened to me. Yas, wall, I d'ow now recollect that once a rather curious little affair did occur; but it was nothin' worth mentionin'—really a mere trifle. I was once a lookin' on at some countrymen putting a new roof of tiles onto a barn. They had the job nearly finished. There was jes' one other bundle of tiles left to carry up to the roof. I saw it a-layin' thar at the foot of the ladder. I asked those fellows why they didn't carry it up. They said they'd jes' like ter see any one feller that 'ud carry up that air bundle."

"Wall, I told 'em that I kinder thought as how I could dew it. Wall, they jest laffed at that idear o' mine, for the bundle was pooty big an' heavy, I can tell ye. So I jes' picked up that air bundle of tiles—'bout a thousan', morn' less—an' started right up the ladder. The tiles was so heavy thet—would ye believe it?—the rungs of the ladder jes' broke one after 'nother under my feet as I climbed up it. But I was so tarnal spy an' active thet I jumped from one rung to another, the rungs fallin' all the time one after 'nother to the ground. I reached the top o' the ladder jes' as the last rung fell, an' the ladder, havin' nothin' to hold it together, of course fell apart and left me there."

"I didn't like to drop the tiles after takin' so much trouble, so I jes' hung onto 'em by my hands and caught hold of the gutter with my teeth, when an ingenious fellow got me out of the fix by working the hose of a fire-engine thet happened to be there under me; and on thet jet I ris and landed the tiles safe."

A STRICKEN CONSCIENCE.—Who among the thirteen young people who infested the Brown family mansion last Christmas, was responsible for the introduction of practical joking as an appropriate method of celebrating the season, is not certainly known. By some it is asserted that a young stock-broker was the guilty person, while others maintain that the first practical joke was played by Miss Mary Brown and her sister, Miss Carrie, and their cousin, Miss Lucy Ketchum.

The victim of their jokes was Mr. Charles Higgs, a medical student, who subsequently proved a bold, bad young man. It was decided to frighten the medical student with a ghost, and, as a preliminary, all agreed to weaken his mind by a prolonged conversation on ghostly subjects. In the evening ghost stories were accordingly told at great length. Nearly everyone professed to have seen or heard a ghost under peculiarly blood-curdling circumstances, and even the young stock-broking person recollected a story of great antiquity, which he related as part of his personal experience.

Then Miss Mary Brown remembered that the room in which the medical student was to sleep had the reputation of being haunted. She said that a ghostly skeleton frequently appeared in it at the dead of night, and required the unhappy person whom it might meet to instantly confess his sins, under some vague but awful penalty.

By this time the young ladies had talked themselves into a very nervous state, but Mr. Charles Higgs did not seem to be in the least degree alarmed. He said he had been on intimate and friendly terms with ghosts during the greater part of his life, and that he liked them very much. In fact, he was anxious to meet the skeleton, and asserted that if he saw it, he should ask it to go back to the hospital with him, so that he could study its bones at his leisure.

At a very late hour the thirteen young people decided to go to bed, and, after bidding each other good-night with much elaboration, they sought their respective rooms. As soon, however, as Mr. Charles Higgs had entered the room, the other twelve young people noiselessly assembled outside his door to ascertain the success of their joke. Miss Mary Brown, her sister, and her cousin had drawn with phosphorus a magnificent and appalling skeleton on the wall of the room, and written above the head the legend, "Confess your sins."

When the medical student, after consuming what was thought to be an unnecessary length of time in preparing for his bed, finally put out his light, the phosphoric ghost shone brilliantly before his eyes, and he uttered a yell of the most terrible, and, to the young people outside of his door, delightful description.

Then the wicked young student began, in a loud tone of voice, his confession. He confessed that on Wednesday night he had kissed Miss Mary Brown in the library, but he urged upon the ghost, as an extenuating circumstance, the fact that the young lady had virtually requested him to do so, and that he did not see his way clear to refuse.

Then he confessed that he had promised to marry Miss Carrie Brown, and that he had broken his promise. Still, he asserted that he would not have been thus faithless had he not seen her in the act of sitting on the young stockbroker's lap, and had she not subsequently admitted that she had promised to marry

that "addle-pated youth," as she accurately described him.

Also, Mr. Charles Higgs, who is undoubtedly a lineal descendant of Ananias, further confessed that he had meant no harm when he embraced Miss Ketchum in the dining-room on Christmas morning, and that he would never do so again.

By this time the young people outside the door had fled. The three young ladies whose names had been mentioned in the medical student's confession wept indignant tears, and protested that the "wretch" knew that he was telling stories, while the other young ladies said they hoped that such was the case, but that Mr. Higgs did seem very earnest and sincere in what he said. Altogether the party broke up with very strained relations between its members.

He had studied every lexicon from ancient Mede to Mexican,

Knew Assyrian, Sanscrit, Latin, Hindoo, Greek; Knew the shape of sword and sandal of the Visigoth and Vandal,

And the old Etruscan features and physique.

He could write a hymn or sermon in Old Celt or Ancient German,

And sing Italian songs and roundalays, Describe Tiglath-Pilezer, the herbivorous Neb'chadnezzar,

And all the kings and queens of olden days.

He knew Nimrod, Noah, Cyrus, and the monarchs of Epirus,

And gave scholarly descriptions of their deeds; He could lend an added splendour to the ancient witch of Endor,

And describe the early monarchs of the Swedes.

But when he turned to Russian, he reeled with the concussion

Of a word that parched, and paralysed and stung, For Ivan-Adamowski-Skanki-Fanoff-Peter-Squashki, Completely tied and tangled up his tongue.

PETER AND THE MULE.—The rumpus originated in front of the London Tramway's stables. Some people had an idea from the racket that a nitro-glycerine factory had blown up somewhere in the neighbourhood. But there hadn't. It was only a mule exercising its voice. Peter McGuffin wanted the mule to go quietly into the stables, and the mule was otherwise inclined.

"What's all this noise about?" said the head stableman, who happened to be Peter's father, coming out. "I want to get this mule into the stable," said Peter. "If I leave him out here someone will steal him. I've got him so far, and he'll come the rest of the way, or die on the spot, one or the other."

But the mule didn't die, and it didn't betray any anxiety about accompanying Peter any further either. It just laid back its ears along its spine, braced its forefeet, and pulled back, with a steady think-I'll-stay-here-awhile pull, while Peter perspired, and pulled on the halter for all he was worth. The animal firmly but respectfully refused to budge.

Peter finally became desperate, and determined to bring matters to a climax in some way. Attaching the end of the halter to the gate-post, he stepped back behind the balky animal, grasped its tail firmly in his right hand, and gave it a twist—just one vigorous, hair-lifting twist, and there was an explosion, followed by a wild panorama of mule's hoofs thrashing about in the air at the rate of a thousand miles a minute. When the excitement subsided, Peter's parent carried home what was left of him, plastered him together, and put him to bed. He is there yet. When he recovers he may not be quite as good looking as he once was, but he will know considerably more in some respects, and will probably be some time before he again attempts to twist the appendix of a balky mule at short range.

"Poor fellow! But why did you reject him in such a summary way?"

"Well, he's the editor of that *Moonshine Magazine*, and rejected one of my poems once. I just thought I'd let him know that two can play at that game."

HAD DONE ENOUGH.—"Fellow-countrymen," said the military candidate during a certain election for a local Board, "I have fought against the Soudanese, I have fought against the Zulus, I have marched over frozen ground till every step has been marked with blood; I have —"

His story was going well, when a dried-up looking voter came to the front.

"Did yer say yer fought for Old Eng'land?"

"Yes," replied the candidate.

"And agin the blacks?"

"Certainly."

"And that your feet bled in marchin' over frozen ground?"

"That they did," cried the exultant candidate.

"Then I'll be blessed if you hain't done enough for your country. Go home and rest. I'll vote for the other fellow."

A BAD ATTACK.—A Liverpool gentleman started from his home one morning after breakfast for his office, and on the way down town he felt a sharp pain in his back, and shuddered at the thought of a spinal difficulty taking possession of him. He felt the pain again, and he thought of several cases he had known where healthy men had been stricken down in a moment, and he wondered if he would live to get to his office. He thought over his affairs, and felt that the settlement of his estate would cause a great deal of annoyance. He heaved a sigh of relief as he reached his office alive, and sat down in his chair, when the sharp pain took him a few inches lower down, and he turned pale, and told those in the office how he felt, and they all thought he should do something for it at once.

He went out to consult a doctor, and told his symptoms, and the doctor looked at his tongue and shook his head in a manner that made the patient's heart heavy. The doctor gave him four kinds of medicine, to be taken before and after eating, and between meals, and told the man to get home as quickly as possible, and after taking a hot bath, to go to bed at once.

The poor sufferer called a cab and drove home. He told his symptoms to his wife, and she felt that she was soon to be a widow, but she helped him all that was possible—turning on the water in the bath-room and rubbing his back, on which she found marks that told plainly how he suffered.

The man was helped into bed, and after taking his medicine the pained seemed to cease, and as the shades of night were falling he fell into a refreshing sleep.

The good wife had the marks on her husband's back impressed on her mind, and she could not get them out. Finally she took his waistcoat and looked inside the lining, and found a needle hitched to a thread about a foot long, with which she had sewed a buckle on the night before, and left it there. The needle had stuck into the man's back in half a dozen different places, and he had been made ill from imagination. She was a judicious woman, and did not wake her husband and tell him she had discovered the spinal meningitis, knowing he would be angry. So she kept a sober face when he woke up, and stroked his head and told him to keep quiet, and he would soon be all right. She changed the medicine and gave him flour and salt in its place, at the proper time, and he slept nicely till morning.

When the doctor called, the wife took him into the parlour and told him about the needle, but begged him not to tell her husband. So the doctor went up to the room, felt the patient's pulse, looked at his tongue, and asked about the pain. On being told that the pain had not been felt since the bath and the medicine had been taken, the doctor said the crisis was over, and if the patient could manage to take a little nourishment he would pull through.

When he got up from the dinner-table that day he felt like a new man, and took a cigar and went to business, and he felt so well he wanted to run a race with some boys. He told them at the office that he had probably had the narrowest escape of any man in the world, but that the doctor had pulled him through, and he should always recommend that doctor.

"ARE you superstitious?"

"No, not at all."

"Well, lend me thirteen shillings, won't you?"

HOW A JUDGE SUMS UP.—You have all heard the evidence as well as myself; you have also heard what the learned counsel have said. If you believe what the counsel for the plaintiff has told you, your verdict will be for the plaintiff; but if, on the other hand, you believe what the defendant's counsel has told you, then you will give a verdict for the defendant. But if you are like me, and don't believe what either of them have said, then I'll be hanged if I know what you will do.

When Thomas, the milkman, drove up to a house to deliver the usual quart of mixture, the gentleman of the house kindly inquired:—

"Thomas, how many quarts of milk do you deliver?"

"Ninety-one, sir."

"And how many cows have you?"

"Nine, sir."

The gentleman made some remarks about an early winter, the state of the roads, and then asked:—

"Thomas, how much milk per day do your cows average?"

"Seven quarts, sir."

"Ah, um," said the gentleman, as he moved off. Thomas looked after him, scratched his head, and all at once grew pale as he pulled out a pencil and began to figure on the side of the cart.

"Nine cows is nine, and I set seven quarts under the cows and multiply. That's sixty-three quarts of milk. By gum, I told him I sold ninety-one quarts a day. Sixty-three from ninety-one leaves twenty-eight, and none to carry. Now, where do I get the rest of the milk? I'll be hanged if I haven't given myself away to one of my best customers by leaving a big cavity in these figures to be filled with water." And he was right, for next day another milkman was supplying his customer.

THE NIGGER MINSTREL AND HIS "MAKE UP."

The popular impression about the application of burnt cork by minstrel performers is that it is rubbed on the face and hands of the performers from a cork whose end is charred in a convenient gas jet. This is incorrect. To supply the burnt cork used by minstrel performers, occupies the entire time and earnest attention of one interesting character, a little man, who thus explains the process of making it.

"I first gather my corks. I get them from the big bottling houses, who buy lots of bottles, many of them with corks that couldn't keep the air out of wine or beer.

"When I get ready to burn I put the corks into three boilers you see there with holes punched in their sides and bottoms, sprinkle alcohol over them, and set them on fire. Then I fill one of these muslin sacks with the charred cork, and knead the sack in this barrel of water. That forces the powdered charcoal through the sack into the water.

"When I have worked all my charred cork through this sack into the water, I drain the water through a close canvas sack you see on that frame there, and what remains in the canvas sack is ready for the artist. I put it up in one pound tins, and they use it out of them. When a performer is ready to 'black up,' as they call it, he takes a little of this black paste in his hands and washes his face, neck, and hands in it, and he is blacked as you see him on the stage.

A CITY OF STOLEN PROPERTY.

VENICE is one vast museum of stolen property. A self-righteous inscription over the gateway of St. Mark's informs the visitor, with much show of conscious probability, that the four famous antique bronze horses above the portal, "removed by the rapacity of the enemy to Paris" under Napoleon I., were again restored to their proper place by that incorruptible champion of strict international morality, the Emperor Francis. But the glorious team, a work of the sculptors of the Neroian age, had previously been stolen in the thirteenth century by the Doge Dandolo from Constantinople, whither they had been carried from Rome, for his own glorification, by Constantine the Great, who had filched them himself from the triumphal arch of Trajan, who in turn had borrowed them, as seems probable, from the similar monument of his predecessor, Nero.

Such are the humours of the world and the whirligigs of time. Indeed, if every man had his own again, one might almost say there would be no Venice. The Column of St. Mark's, with its winged lion, would go back to Syria; the square pillars by the Doge's Palace would return once more to St. Saba, at Ptolemais; the alabaster supports of the inner canopy would find their way back, men say, to Solomon's Temple; and even the mouldering body of the Evangelist itself, which reposes beneath its pall of gold and jewels below the high altar, would have to migrate to the community from which it was first filched, that of the Coptic Christians of Alexandria.

STRANGE HARVESTS.

THROUGHOUT the length and breadth of the land the harvest is either over or in full swing. The golden sheaves are standing amongst the close-cropped stubble or lie huddled together in great ricks, their precious ears beyond the reach of levelling wind or drenching rain. In my wanderings I have seen in progress two harvests which are gathered amid scenes differing so widely from the peaceful country fields in which our brown-armed rustics work, that I think, perhaps, others may be interested in a brief description of them.

One is a harvest of winter. The crop is not ripened by the sun's rays, but is brought to maturity by the influence of biting frosts. It is the ice harvest.

The ice crops of America, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Belgium, and other countries have a total yearly value of at least two millions sterling. It is in the United States of America that the ice harvest assumes the largest proportions. Ice is more generally used there than in any other country, and there is a considerable export trade to the South. The extent of this industry in the United States may be gathered from the fact that a well-informed authority computes that on the average every individual in the Middle States consumes 1,600lbs. of ice annually!

When the winter fairly sets in the scene on an ice-farm is a busy one. Much depends of course on the weather. A rapid thaw will put a stop to the operations of the ice-man; a fall of snow, followed by a thaw, in its turn succeeded by a frost, will entail upon him an enormous amount of otherwise unnecessary labour. Still, weather with the thermometer fifteen or twenty degrees below zero is the state of affairs that suits him. On such a day the surface is alive with men guiding markers and ploughs, plying ice chisels, and steering the detached blocks to the edge of the lake or river.

Ice for home consumption is harvested when it has

attained a thickness of from nine to twelve inches. If it is intended for export, operations are delayed until its thickness is twice as great. If the ice is clear and good, it is mapped out at once into large squares with markers. If the surface has been spoilt by snow, the first process is the tedious one of cleaning off all the unmarketable clouded ice with the help of a snow plane.

When the markers have finished their work, ice-ploughs are called into service, and with them the grooves already made are extended until their depth is two-thirds of the thickness of the ice. The next process is to saw out the blocks that are near the edge. When this has been done, others are detached with ice chisels, and guided by the polemen to the bank. The point to which they all are made to converge is the elevator. This carries them on an endless chain, to which wooden shelves are attached at intervals, to the great store-room that has been built close to the water's brink, and is a building so constructed as to present a non-conducting medium between the ice it contains and the outer air. The walls and roof are double, the space between them, about two feet in width, being tightly packed with sawdust.

Such a storehouse can be built very cheaply, and presents an adequate resistance to the fiercest heat of summer. The latest improvements have reduced the cost of gathering the ice-crop to from fourpence to sixpence a ton. The price charged to large consumers, which used to be £4 or £5 a ton, has been, consequently, brought down to about £1.

A considerable portion of Continental Europe looks for its supply of ice to the Ardennes, where a regular class of men, called in the Walloon *patois* Gagneux, make their livelihood, or eke out their scanty gains from the cultivation of a little land, by the collection and sale of ice.

Theirs is a hard and perilous calling. On these bleak uplands, 1,500 ft. or more above the level of the sea, famished wolves prowl, ever on the look out to snap up anything that is ungarded for their prey. Half a dozen lives or so is the annual tribute that they exact, but more cruel is the bitter cold, and the snow that silently entombs the lonely wanderer, or drifts around the exposed cottage until it lies so deep that the inmates are unable to get out, and perish miserably of cold and starvation.

The harvest here is gathered in a more primitive fashion than that pursued in America. At early dawn carts go forth, their approach heralded by tinkling bells that sound merrily in the frosty air. Each cart is surrounded by a contingent of sturdy young fellows, under the leadership of a grizzled chief, who knows the most likely spots for a good haul, and is learned in the signs of the weather, and able to foretell the approach of a snowstorm, to be caught in which might mean death to all the party.

They are armed with picks and shovels, grapnels, and coils of rope, and much skill is needed to get the maximum of ice into the cart with the minimum expenditure of pick and shovel work. A sure grapnel thrower is as highly prized as a good harpooner on board a whaler, and is as hard to find, for it is no easy task to bring the floating blocks from a distance without bad shots that mean waste of precious time.

The other of these two out-of-the-way harvests is of the sea, and consists of amber, the great bulk of which is tossed up by the action of the waves.

Under the tempestuous waves of the Baltic, the bed of earth in which the precious substance lies, approaches very nearly to the level of the floor of the ocean, sometimes showing itself above the sand, which here, as elsewhere, is tossed about by the ever restless water. It is to this untiring action of the ocean that the amber fishers look for their livelihood.

A storm which drives the white sea-horses careering one after another up to the beach is the state of affairs that pleases these hardy folk. The mighty display of Nature's power has no terrors for them. They know that the furious seas which break at their feet are wrenching masses of amber from the envious blue earth, and that every wave may bear in with it a lump that will bring a substantial sum to its fortunate finder. While the storm is at its height amber seekers of both sexes gather upon the beach, anxiously scanning the wave-borne sea-wrack for a glimpse of the object of their search.

Sometimes a lump of amber may come tumbling in upon the shore free from any encumbrance. Sometimes the investigation of an apparently unpromising tangle of seaweed may be the means of discovering a fine fragment wrapped in its fronds.

The amber seeker needs to be provided with a good stock of stoicism, for it will often fall to his or her lot to see a piece of the covered substance which looked as though it was being carried to within easy reach, hurried off again out to sea, while the mocking water dashes itself saucily in the face of the disappointed toiler. Perhaps the fragment may have been actually captured with the drag used for this work, only to be dashed off its prongs by a receding wave. Like a fish which the angler has drawn within a couple of feet of the gaff or landing-net only to lose, these pieces of amber, so nearly captured, are very apt to assume gigantic dimensions in the imaginations of the baulked searchers, and many are the tales of abnormally large lumps which, aided by evil fortune, evaded the drag or the net.

So keen are the men upon their quest, that they may be seen wading out to sea until their heads and shoulders are all that is left of them above its surface, and this in bitter weather, when the temperature of the water can be but very little above freezing point.

The skill with which they cast their nets over float-pieces of the precious commodity, and impale with their drags all floating seaweed which comes within their reach is wonderful. One would imagine that merely to stand in such seas as those in which these hardy workers are accustomed to toil would tax the strength of a robust man to the full. Yet this does not seem to cost them an effort.

Their drags and nets are flung out with as much ease and accuracy as though the boiling water round them were the lifeless contents of some stagnant pool, and the velocity with which the amber is whirled along does not appear to disconcert them in the least. When a catch is made, the amber is either thrown or brought ashore to the women, who sort it out according to the size and quality, and often sell it on the spot to representatives of the great buying houses, who obtain their amber cheaper by thus forestalling the market.

But the real prizes of the amber fishery are found by the men who dive to the bottom of the sea for them. They dress themselves in similar diving costumes to those familiar to most of us through illustrations of work at some wreck, and, armed with a sort of pronged pitchfork, poke among the sand and seaweed in search of the yellow substance which has brought them under water. These divers do not attempt to work until the sea has calmed down after such a storm as those which workers from the shore brave. In their cumbersome dresses they would be quite at the mercy of the waves, and would stand little or no chance of doing any good.

Each of them has strapped to him a bag in which he stows the results of his toil. When he signals to those in charge of the boat which brought him out they raise him to the surface, and his bag is emptied. Sometimes he may return almost empty-handed; or, on the contrary, he may have been fortunate enough to encounter a single lump of amber worth several pounds.

A SEA ABOVE THE SKY.

THERE are two legendary stories which are supposed to illustrate the theory that there is a sea hanging over us. The tale is told of how the people were coming out of a village church in Suffolk, one very thick and cloudy Sunday, when they saw the anchor of a ship hooked to one of the tombstones, and the cable, which was tightly stretched, hanging down from the air. The people were somewhat astounded, and while counselling about it, suddenly they saw the rope move as though someone laboured to pull up the anchor. The anchor, however, was held fast by the stone, and a great noise was suddenly heard in the air, like the shouting of sailors.

Presently a sailor was seen sliding down the cable for the purpose of unfixing the anchor, and when he had just loosened it the villagers seized hold of him, and while in their hands he quickly died, just as though he had been drowned. About an hour after the sailors above, hearing no more of their comrade, cut the cable and sailed away. In memory of this extraordinary event, the people of that village made the hinges of the church doors out of the iron of the anchor, "and there they are still to be seen."

At another time a merchant of Bristol set sail with his cargo for India. Some time after this, while his family were at supper, a knife suddenly fell in through the window on to the table. When the husband returned, he saw the knife, declared it to be his own, and said that on such a day, at such an hour, while sailing in an unknown part of the sea, he dropped the knife overboard, and the day and the hour were known to be exactly the time when it fell through the window.

We have seen a Spanish working-men's journal which, below its title, bears the legend, "Published as often as there are funds in hand."

The guest was eating more butter than biscuit, while the landlady looked on, and fidgeted, and hinted, until she fairly went into a nervous fit. Finally she said:

"Do you know that butter is up to eightpence a pound?"

The hungry guest reached out and took what was left. "Well," he drawled, approvingly and reassuringly, "good butter is worth it."

MADAM was about engaging a new cook, and, the preliminaries having been discussed, the delicate question of remuneration was broached.

"What wages are you asking?" inquired the lady.

"£17 a-year."

"That is rather more than I should like to give. You see it is a very light place. I assist a good deal in the house myself; I do all the marketing—"

"Madam does all the marketing?" interrupted the girl in horror. "Oh, if that's the case, I couldn't take the place under £25 at least."

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

China Matting should be cleaned with salt, rubbed on with a damp cloth, then wiped very dry. This prevents its turning yellow.

To Polish Brass Kettles that are very much tarnished, first rub with a solution of oxalic acid, then dry and polish with rotten-stone or the finest emery.

To Remove Paint from Table Covers. Rub the places with hard soap, then gently rub on spirits of wine, then soap again, and so on alternately. Afterwards rinse in clean water.

Shrimps. Few persons are aware how very much the flavour is improved by pouring boiling water over shrimps a few minutes before they are sent to table. The water should be drained quickly away from them.

To Remove Paint Spots from Windows. Moisten a little common soda and lay it on the spots, taking care it does not touch the painted window-frames; in a little time wash it off, when the paint will be found to be loosened.

Oatmeal Biscuits. 1lb. flour, 1lb. oatmeal, 1lb. lard or sugar, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 2 eggs, a very little milk if the dough is too stiff. Roll out and shape with a tumbler; bake in a moderate oven for ten minutes.

To Take Oil or Grease From Cloth. Drop on the spot some oil of tartar, or salt of wormwood, which has been left in a damp place until it is a fluid; then immediately wash the place with lukewarm soft water, and then with cold water, and the spot will disappear.

To Whiten the Ivory Handles of Knives. The ivory handles of knives sometimes become yellow from being allowed to remain in dish water. Rub them with sandpaper till white. If the blades have become rusty from careless usage, rub them also with sandpaper, and they will look as good as new.

Ox-cheek Mould. A very economical dish is made by boiling half a head two hours; cut the meat off in slices, and lay them in a mould with some pepper, salt, and spice; pour over it a little mushroom ketchup, and the liquor in which the cheek was boiled; place the mould in a hot oven, and bake one hour. Turn it out when cold.

To Clean Mirrors. Take a soft sponge, wash it well in clean water, and squeeze it as dry as possible; dip it into some spirits of wine, and rub over the glass; then have some powder blue tied up in a rag, dust it over your glass, and rub it lightly and quickly with a soft cloth, afterwards finish with a silk handkerchief. Mirrors may also be effectually cleaned by rubbing them over with old newspapers crumpled up into balls.

Jumbles or Brandy Snaps. Melt together 1lb. of butter and 1lb. of brown sugar; take 1lb. of best flour made into a smooth paste, with 1lb. of golden syrup, a dessert spoonful of powdered ginger, a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, mixed well in half a wineglassful of best brandy. Now mix all the ingredients together, and drop on to well-greased tins; bake in a quick oven, and, when nearly cold, cut into round cakes with a wineglass, or cut into squares and twist them round a ruler or knife-handle.

Fish Soup. Two good-sized haddocks, one pint of milk, one teaspoonful of cream, 2 oz. of butter, 2 oz. of flour, salt and pepper to taste. Wash thoroughly, clean the fish, and take out the eyes. Put them in a saucepan, and just cover them with cold water. Boil them for fifteen minutes, then take them out of the water, and scrape the flesh off the bones. Return the bones and skin to the pan and boil for half an hour. Strain the stock through a sieve or coarse towel, and rinse out the pan. Put the butter into the pan to melt, add the flour, and stir till it is in a smooth paste. Add the milk gradually, stirring all the time, then add the stock, and allow it to boil up. Season it nicely, and add the pieces of fish and the cream. The soup must not boil again, or the flavour will be spoiled.

Wine Stains. Table-cloths are very apt to suffer with stains of wine. Claret may be removed with boiling milk. Put half a pint or a pint of milk into a very clean saucepan—a brass pan or an enamelled one is best—set it on the stove to boil, gather up the stained parts of the cloth in your hand, and while the milk boils dip them repeatedly until the marks disappear. The cloth should then be washed properly and boiled in clean, soapy water. Do not use any soda. For stains of port, sherry, etc., use cold water in which a little ammonia and a few drops of spirits of wine have been infused. Dip the stained parts in this mixture until the stains fade away. Should there still remain some marks after the article has been washed and boiled, rub them with yellow soap, lay some wetted starch thickly over the places, and expose the cloth to the air by laying on the grass plot.

Taking Out Rust Stains. Spots made by rust and some kinds of ink may be removed from woollens by applying citric acid. This acid cannot be used on some colours without changing them to a very ugly shade, so it is well to try what effect it has on the colour of the goods to be cleaned by putting some on a waste bit before attacking the spot.

A Reliable Grease Eradicator. Mix thoroughly 2oz. of ammonia, 1 quart of rain water, 1 teaspoonful of saltpetre, and 1oz. of white soap, in shavings. When these ingredients are thoroughly incorporated, put them in a wide-mouthed bottle, and store for use. A clean rag, moistened with the liquid, and rubbed on any spot where grease has been spilt, will remove the stains, without injuring or marking the most delicate fabric.

An Economical Dish. Take three sheeps' tongues, let them lie in cold water for two hours, until all the blood has left them; then throw them into boiling water for a minute, one by one, until you can remove the hard skin that covers them. Place them in a saucepan of lukewarm water; stew gently for three hours, with three small carrots, cloves, a small onion or two, pepper and salt; cut them in two lengthways, remove the roots, and serve with a piquant sauce.

Method of Cleaning Playing Cards. Nothing soils sooner than playing cards. The following method will be found to remove everything from them but a stain, and will give the dirtiest pack possible the appearance of being new. Rub the soiled card with a piece of flannel and fresh butter, until the butter shall have cleaned off all the dirt. So soon as the dirt is removed, wipe off the butter with a clean rag, and, to restore the card to its former gloss, rub the surface sharply with a piece of flannel and some flour. Cut the edges neatly with a pair of scissors and the operation is completed.

To Preserve Cream for Several Months. Dissolve twelve ounces of white sugar in the smallest possible quantity of water over a moderate fire. After the solution has taken place the sugar ought to be boiled for about two minutes in an earthen vessel, when twelve ounces of new cream should be immediately added, and the whole thoroughly mixed while hot. Let it then gradually cool, and pour it into a bottle, which must be carefully corked. If kept in a cool place, and not exposed to the air, it may be preserved in a sweet state for several weeks, or even months; and as sugar is commonly wanted where there is occasion for cream, the cream is thus preserved without any sort of additional expense.

Turpentine in the Home. After a housekeeper fully realises the worth of turpentine in the household she is never willing to be without a supply of it. It gives quick relief to burns; it is an excellent application for corns; it is good for rheumatism and sore throats. Then it is a sure preventative against moths; by just dropping a trifle in the drawers, chests, and cupboards, it will render the garments secure from injury during the summer. It will keep ants from the closets and store-rooms by putting a few drops in the corners and upon the shelves; it is sure destruction to bedbugs, and will effectually drive them away from their haunts if thoroughly applied to all the joints of the bedstead, and injures neither furniture nor clothing. A spoonful of it added to a pail of warm water is excellent for cleaning paint.

Care of Chinaware. One of the most important things is to season glass and china to rapid change of temperature, so that they will remain sound after exposure to sudden heat and cold. This is best done by placing the articles in cold water, which must be gradually brought to the boiling point, and then allowed to cool very slowly, taking several hours to do it. The commoner the material the more care in this respect is required. China that has any gilding upon it must on no account be rubbed with a cloth of any kind, but merely rinsed first in hot and afterwards in cold water, and then left to drain till dry. It may be rubbed with a soft wash-leather and a little dry whitening, but this operation must not be repeated more than once a year, otherwise the gold will most certainly be rubbed off, and the china spoilt. When the plates, &c., are put away in the china closet, pieces of paper should be placed between them to prevent scratches on the glaze or painting, as the bottom of all ware has little particles of sand adhering to it, picked up from the oven wherein it was glazed. The china closet should be in a dry situation, as a damp closet will soon tarnish the gilding of the best crockery. With a common dinner service it is a great mistake to make the plates too hot, as it invariably cracks the glaze on the surface, if not the plate itself. The fact is, when the glaze is injured, every time the plates and dishes are washed the water gets to the interior, swells the porous clay, and makes the whole fabric rotten. In this condition they will absorb grease, and, when exposed to further heat, the grease makes them brown and discoloured. If an old, ill-used dish be made very hot indeed, a teaspoonful of fat will be seen to exude from the minute fissures upon its surface. These latter remarks apply more particularly to common ware.

Irish Tea Cake. Mix two large cups of flour, one small cup of sugar, one small cup of oil, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and two eggs flavoured with nutmeg. Bake in quick oven in large dripping tin till nicely browned. It must be buttered and eaten hot.

Ham Salad. Take the lean part of two pounds of cold boiled ham; chop fine, cut three bunches of celery in small pieces, mix four table-spoonfuls of olive oil, two of vinegar, the yolks of from one to four hard-boiled eggs, a teaspoonful of made mustard, a teaspoonful each of salt and white sugar, with a little black pepper; pour the dressing over the ham and celery, and serve.

To Prevent Mould in Jam Jars. One of the greatest troubles in preserving fruit in jars is to prevent the formation of mould on the top, and the consequent spoiling of fruit when it rises above the top of the syrup. A very effective, cheap, and simple device is a disc of thin veneer of wood, from one-sixteenth to one-twentieth of an inch thick, and from two and three-quarters to three inches in diameter for one quart jar, made from beech, birch, elm, or ash, as these woods have no taste or flavour, and will not injure the fruit. To use, dip in hot water to prevent cracking, slightly bend so as to slip down below the shoulders of the jar, and press down on the fruit so as to allow the syrup to rise over it. The shoulder will keep it down in place. When you wish to use the fruit, remove the wood by running a fork under and picking it out.

A Good Test for Coffee. Spread a few grains on a glass plate and moisten them with a little water, while any foreign vegetable substance will swell and become soft, while the coffee remains hard. Genuine coffee will float on the surface of cold water for a considerable time, and will be hours imparting much colour to it. If you want to see this test buy a pound of cheap ready-ground coffee, and a pound of the whole article. Have the latter ground, and perform the test of each of the two kinds in separate glasses. In twenty minutes or half an hour the water in the glass containing the low-priced article will be markedly coloured, and the chicory and other foreign vegetable matter will have sunk to the bottom of the glass; while the water of the other sample will be but slightly, if at all, discoloured, and a little or none of the coffee placed on the surface will have sunk. Care should be taken not to shake the glasses during the test. This experiment is practical, interesting, and convincing.

Choosing Meat. Beef.—Good ox-beef has an open grain, and yields easily to the pressure of the finger; it is smooth and juicy, of a rich carnation-colour in the lean, and the fat is of a fine cream-colour; rich without being oily, firm without being hard. It is small in the bone and full in the flesh. Mutton.—In choosing mutton select that which is of a rich red colour, close in the grain, and of a silky texture, juicy and lively in appearance, and whitish in the fat, but not shiny and tallowy. The flesh should pinch tender, and rise again when dented. Lamb.—Observe the neck vein in the fore-quarter, which should be of an azure-blue to denote quality and sweetness. The flesh should be light-coloured and juicy, the fat white and rich, the bones thin and small. Lamb should be dressed while perfectly fresh, or the flavour will be destroyed. Venison.—Pass a knife along the bones of the haunches and shoulders; if it smells sweet, the meat is new and good; if tainted, the fleshy parts of the sides will look discoloured, and darker in proportion to its staleness. The clefts of the hoofs of young venison are close and smooth. The buck venison is in full season from May till All-hallows; the doe, from Michaelmas to December or January. Veal.—The lean of good, well-fed veal, is white, smooth, and juicy; the fat is white, firm, and abundant. The flesh of a bull-calf is firmer and of a deeper colour than that of a cow calf, and the fat is harder; they are equally good for eating, if young and well-fed. It is easy to tell whether veal be newly killed or stale by its general appearance, as the colour changes quickly, particularly under the kidney and the flaps of the breast. The flesh of stale veal feels moist and clammy, the joints flabby and pliable, and it has a faint, musty smell. Pork.—If young and well-fed, the lean is easily broken between the fingers, and the skin indented if nipped with the nail; the fat is white and waxy, and the rind thin and clean. Stale pork is easily detected by the skin looking dark at the top, and clammy between the creases of the legs and shoulders, and by its strong, tainted smell. Pork is in season from August to March. Ham and Bacon.—Run a knife along the bone of a ham; if it comes out clean, and have a savoury flavour, the ham is good; if smeared and dull, it is either spoiled by taint or is rusty. Hocks and gammons of bacon may be proved in the same way. Good bacon is red in the lean, and the fat is white, firm, and pulpy; the rind is fine and thin. If it is sheathed with yellow, it is rusty and unfit for use.

Isobel

A BOY'S TRICK THAT BROUGHT RUIN.

A few years since, on a fine spring morning, illuminated by the richest rays of the sun, a troop of vagabond boys were playing round the gardens of the Palais Royal, Paris. Hanging in clusters upon the iron railings which encircle these gardens, the gamins occupied themselves busily in throwing stones among the flowers, aiming at the sparrows, and watching fit opportunities to play other malignant tricks whenever the backs of the guardians of the place were turned away. In such circumstances the young rascals of Paris are most ingenious and inventive. So was it shown on the present occasion.

The leader of the youthful band, seizing a favourable moment when no one could perceive him, adroitly scaled the balustrade of the Palais gardens, and crept along the grass on all-fours towards the spot where stood the mid-day cannon, which is cleverly made to announce the hour of noon by its discharge through the medium of the sun's rays. When the intruder reached the spot the hour was exactly half-past eleven. But this did not deter the tricky youngster. He had with him a lucifer match; in an instant it was kindled and applied to the cannon, which accordingly made its official detonation announcing prematurely the hour of noon.

Immediately afterwards, in all the streets, shops, and coffee-houses of the city, men might have been seen to pull out their watches, in order to test their exactness by the infallible report. A general movement of surprise was the consequence, and a great variety of reflections came from the lips of the Parisians within hearing.

"Singular," cried one. "I have always found this watch of mine go well."

"What!" exclaimed another, "a full half-hour behind. And this is the watch which was guaranteed to me to go without varying a minute in a month."

"This is the first time," muttered a third, "that my watch ever lost twenty seconds a day, and now it's lost half an hour."

The watchmakers were still more astonished than other people, but the majority of them were compelled to yield to the evidence of the detonation. A few did stand out for their chronometers, and one ventured upon the daring suggestion that "the sun might have gone wrong." But, as may be imagined, this ingenious idea did not find many supporters. The infallibility of the god of day was not a thing to be generally questioned, and, accordingly, almost all who were within hearing of the cannon of the Palais Royal, whether followers of the art of horology or simple amateurs, took their watch-keys and set their watches to the hour of noon, or, in other words, half an hour in advance of the real time. The evidence of all the clocks of Paris could not stand against the fiat of the sun.

On first consideration one might not be able to foresee any great mischief likely to result from this trick of the boy with his match. Grave consequences, nevertheless, were the result. To make a mistake of half an hour in the progress of time is not an error to be committed with impunity. A watch that goes too quick or too slow will often originate a series of mistakes of the most serious kind, from the consequences of which it may be very difficult to escape.

"Already noon? Boy, my bill."

These words were uttered on the morning here referred to by a gentleman who had breakfasted at Vafours, and who after his meal had fallen into a long and thoughtful reverie. This gentleman was Monsieur D—, the banker, whose affairs had long appeared to be in a flourishing state, but who had lately sustained some pecuniary reverses which his credit found it difficult to conceal much longer. When the young rascal's lucifer had done the duty of the sun, M. D— started up in haste, and left the restaurateur's. He had in his hands at the moment a letter, which he re-read as he hurried along. It was couched in the following terms:—

I have received, my dear friend, the letter in which you communicate to me the disastrous position of your affairs, and tell me that you have no remaining hope but in me. My own resources are insufficient, as you well know, to enable me to relieve you, but I am about to set out, as you request, to the country, though with little hope, I confess. Nevertheless, it is possible that the application may be successful, and you may rest assured that I shall spare no pains to make it so.

If I succeed in realising the sum necessary for your preservation, I will meet you to-morrow in the Orleans Gallery, between the hours of twelve and one. You will be punctual, of course, in meeting me. I do not propose to meet you at your own house, because the precariousness of your present condition may render you afraid of receiving embarrassing visits there.

If I am not at the appointed place exactly within the hour, you may be assured that I have failed; and I should advise you in that case to lose no time in accomplishing your project of quitting Paris. You may readily guess my reason for not wishing to come in person and tell you of my having failed to procure funds. My uncle, to whom you stand so heavily indebted, would never pardon me if he thought that I had aided you in your flight. Be punctual.—Yours ever,

LUCIEN B—.

M. D— reached the Gallery, and walked up and down in a state of great anxiety. "The crisis of

my fate has arrived," thought he; "I am rapidly hurrying down the slope to ruin, and have only increased my danger tenfold by endeavouring to conceal my situation while there was yet time for an honourable submission. Every hope is failing me. Lucien is the last; and if he brings not the hundred thousand francs which I must pay this day my fate is sealed."

Agitated by such harassing reflections the banker looked again and again at his watch as he paced the gallery. He had set the watch by the unlucky report of the Palais Royal, happy at the time, poor man, that he had such an assurance of accuracy. The moments passed away. No appearance of Lucien. Every minute destroyed a portion of hope, and when the unfortunate banker's watch at last told the hour of one, a cold sweat broke out on his temples.

"He comes not," muttered M. D—; "all is over." Yet he lingered on. Again and again he trod the gallery, scanning anxiously every outlet and inlet. It was only when the watch told him that the stated hour, and twenty-five minutes more, had passed away, that he saw the necessity of acting decidedly, and hurried hastily from the gallery.

At that moment Lucien entered the same place by another entrance. He was still five minutes before the expiry of the hour, that is to say, it wanted five minutes of one o'clock. While Lucien walked about the gallery, with the required sum of one hundred thousand francs in his hand, wondering what could possibly be the cause of his friend's absence, that friend was flying at full speed from Paris in a carriage which had been held in readiness for the purpose. He was flying into acknowledged bankruptcy. Lucien, meanwhile, could not but conclude that some new evil had occurred to render his friend's affairs irretrievable. How could he possibly conjecture what had been the influence of a lucifer match in the hands of a mischievous boy?

That little ragged rascal of the streets had caused an important bankruptcy—in fact, a pretty serious commercial crisis, for M. D—'s failure hit many important houses hard, and more than one never recovered from the shock it gave them.

"Oh, John," exclaimed Mrs. Cumso, "I know how to make five pounds just as easily as winking."

"How?"

"Why, down at Madame Robe's there's a lovely Paris dress marked down from twenty-five to twenty pounds."

Mrs. MUGGINS: "And so your husband has broken his leg? How unfortunate."

Mrs. Huggins: "I should say so. Why, Nancy Muggins, do you know that only last week I spent twelve good shillings in buying that unlucky ne'er-do-well a new pair of boots?"

WIFE: "Well, what do you think Johnny wants now?"

Husband: "I've no idea."

Wife: "He wants me to tease you into buying him a bicycle."

Husband (who has tried bicycling himself): "Nonsense, he can't have one. Tell him to go up in the attic, and fall down two flights of stairs. It will be just about the same thing, and save me £20."

THE NEAREST WAY TO AUSTRALIA.—Rob: "Papa, how far is it to Australia?"

Papa: "Oh, thousands of miles, Rob."

Rob: "How long does it take to get there?"

Papa: "Six weeks, my boy. Why?"

Rob: "I was thinking, if you could dig through the earth and put stairs down, you might get there sooner—couldn't you?"

Papa: "No, Rob; it would take six weeks all the same."

Rob: "Well, it wouldn't if I slid down the banisters."

£100 INSURANCE FOR CYCLISTS.

In addition to our unique Railway Insurance offer of £1,000, we have decided to insure Cyclists, in the event of death from Cycling Accidents, to the extent of £100. The only condition required to secure this sum to whomsoever the Proprietors of PEARSON'S WEEKLY may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any Cyclist who meets with his or her death by an accident while actually riding, is that a copy of the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, or the page of it on which this notice appears, should be on the person of the deceased at the time of the fatality. The usual signature in pen or pencil must occupy the line left blank at the foot of this notice. Notice of accident must be given within seven days to the Proprietors of the Paper, and death must occur within the same period from the accident.

Signature

SOME CURIOUS FACTS IN RELATION TO NUMBERS.

AN ARTICLE THAT IS NOT SO DRY AS IT LOOKS.

Certain numbers have been regarded with superstition, and certain events connected with numbers are of curious interest. The number fourteen has often been said to have singularly influenced the life of Henry IV. and other French princes. On May 14, 1029, the first King of France named Henry was consecrated, and on May 14, 1610, the last Henry was assassinated. Fourteen letters compose the name of Henri de Bourbon, who was the fourteenth king bearing the titles of France and Navarre. On December 14, 1558, that is fourteen centuries, fourteen decades, and fourteen years after the birth of Christ, Henry IV. was born, and the ciphers of the date added together give the number 14. May 14, 1554, Henry II. ordered the enlargement of the Rue de la Ferronnerie. The circumstance of this order not being carried out occasioned (as will be seen) the murder of Henry IV. four times fourteen years afterwards.

May 14, 1552, was the date of the birth of Marguerite de Valois, first wife of Henry IV. On May 14, 1588, the Parisians revolted against Henry III., at the instigation of the Duke of Guise. On March 14, 1590, Henry IV. gained the battle of Ivry. On May 14, 1590, Henry was repulsed from the Faubourgs of Paris. On November 14, the same year, the sixteen took oath to die rather than serve Henry. On November 14, 1592, the Parliament registered the Papal Bull, giving power to the Legate to nominate a king to the exclusion of Henry. On December 14, 1599, the Duke of Savoy was reconciled to Henry IV. On September 14, 1606, the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XIII., was baptised. On May 14, 1610, the King was stopped in the Rue de la Ferronnerie by his carriage becoming blocked with a cart on account of the narrowness of the street. Ravallac took advantage of the occasion to stab him.

On May 14, 1648, died Louis XIII., son of Henry IV., on the same day of the same month as his father. When the ciphers of 1648 are added the result is fourteen, the same as in the case of the date of the birth of his father. Louis XIV. mounted the throne in 1648, add these figures and you get fourteen. He died in 1715; add again, and you get fourteen. He lived seventy-seven years; add once more, and the result is fourteen. Louis XV. mounted the throne the same year; he died in 1774, the extremes of which are fourteen and the sum of the means is fourteen. Louis XVI. had reigned fourteen years when he convened the States general, which was to bring about the Revolution. The number of years between the assassination of Henry IV. and the dethronement of Louis XVI. is divisible by fourteen. Louis XVII. died in 1794; the extreme digits of the date are fourteen, and the first two give his number. The Bourbons were restored in 1814, also marked by the extremes being fourteen and by the sum of the ciphers being fourteen.

Louis IX. was born in 1215; add the ciphers and you have 9. Charles VII. was born in 1403; the sum of the ciphers is seven. Louis XII. was born in 1461, and 1+4+6+1=12. Louis XVIII. was born in 1755; add the digits and you have eighteen.

December 2 is a remarkable day in Bonapartist annals. On December 2, 1804, Napoleon I. was crowned. The same day in the next year he won his chief victory of Austerlitz. On December 2, 1851, Napoleon III. made himself master of France, and on December 2, 1852, he was proclaimed Emperor.

There is a tradition that the number three is stamped on the Royal line of England, and that there shall not be more than three princes in succession without a revolution; William I. and II. and Henry I.; then the revolution of Stephen. Henry II., Richard I., John; then invasion of France. Henry III., Edward I., Edward II.; the last was dethroned and put to death. Edward III. and Richard II., dethroned. Henry IV., V., and VI.; and then the Crown passed to the house of York. Edward IV. and V. and Richard III.; the Crown won by Henry Tudor. Henry VII. and VIII. and Edward VI.; Lady Jane Grey's usurpation. Mary, Elizabeth; the Crown passed to the house of Stuart. James I., Charles I.; revolution. Charles II., James II.; invasion of William of Orange. Here the law ends.

The number eighty-eight seems to have been fatal to the House of Stuart, and the date September 8 had influence on the fortunes of Oliver Cromwell. Robert II., the first Stuart king, died in 1888; James II. was killed at the siege of Roxburg, in 1488; Mary Stuart was beheaded in 1588; James II. dethroned in 1688; Charles Edward died in 1788, and with his death the hopes of the Jacobites. Oliver Cromwell was born September 8, 1599, won the battle of Dunbar, September 3, 1650, and that of Worcester, September 3, 1651. He died September 8, 1658.

"Tommy," said a Sheffield youngster's mother, "there's a great big blot on your copybook."

"No, mamma, you're mistaken. That is only a stop. Our teacher is awfully near-sighted."

Excited Citizen: "Officer! Officer! A man has just jumped off that pier."

Policeman (who can't swim): "Well, there isn't any law against bathing with clothes on, is there?"

BOOKS YOU SHOULD READ.

STRANGE DOINGS IN STRANGE PLACES, BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.

(CASSELL AND COMPANY. 6s.)

Messrs. Cassell seek to meet the taste of a large section of the reading public by issuing this reprint of complete sensational stories from their SATURDAY JOURNAL. These eighteen separate stories, beginning with "A Brigand of To-Day," and ending with "The Man with the Waxen Finger," are full of cleverly contrived and startling incidents, written in pure, manly English, and showing signs that many of them come from the same hand.

"The Mysterious Guide" is an Alpine adventure that tells of a most unexpected risk pluckily met and overcome, though the picture of its crisis on the frontispiece would seem to leave escape impossible. Miss Mattie Linton—a bright English girl very fond of mountain climbing, and so sure of foot and head, that the guide said, "I would rather climb with her than with any gentleman, Miss Linton is to be depended on,"—set out one day with her cousin Alec and two favourite guides, Josef and Franz, to conquer some fresh height. All went well at first, though Josef seemed somewhat sullen, and inclined to hold aloof; but before long Franz found that it was not indeed his brother, but a stranger made up to resemble him. Gold passed between the two as hush money, and the party went on until, at a critical moment, when, roped together, they were creeping round a precipice. Mattie, to her horror, saw the short brown beard fall from Josef's face till it sank fathoms down beneath them. It was Venn, whose proposal she had rejected a week before—George Venn, whom she knew well, and liked, but could not love—a member of the Alpine Club, and an authority upon mountaineering, but with such a look on his face as she had never seen before. The truth flashed upon her. He was mad. For a time, by a supreme effort of will, she contrived to humour him, more alarmed for Alec than for herself, for the madman threatened to cut the rope, without which, Alec's head would certainly fall upon that awful steep.

"Go on, George," she said, in a firm commanding voice, "don't you know that we must reach the summit?"

"Of course," he replied, with a bewildered look. "I had forgotten. We must soar and soar together until we solve the everlasting problem."

His arm left its clasp of her shuddering body. He went on, and she stepped with difficulty into the notches he had cut with the axe; her knees so loosened and tremulous that she felt they would give way. Her terror was annihilated by the necessity for straining all her energies; she felt that upon her coolness all their lives depended.

An hour passed thus in hard climbing. Presently the way became easier. They had crossed a fearful chasm, the guide leaping it and handing the others over, and were standing to breathe on a ledge not more than three feet broad. Alec now noticed the change in the guide's face, and Mattie found time to whisper to him hurriedly, "He has gone mad; tell Franz." Then the climax came.

Venn saw them whisper, and sprang with a wild cry to Mattie, clasping her in his arms.

"At last!" he shouted, "at last! With one leap we shall be wiser than Socrates!"

But the two men were upon him in an instant, and an awful struggle followed. Franz cut the rope from Venn, but had to drop the knife before he could disentangle Mattie and Alec from himself and from each other.

"Stab him!" cried Franz; "stab him before we are over!"

And Mattie could have stabbed him once; the knife was within her grasp; but she hesitated till Venn went over the verge, clutching her fiercely. More than once he was drawn back; Alec and Franz were almost exhausted, when he struck his head against the granite wall and fell, lying quiet upon the narrow platform, the others upon him as he lay lengthwise.

Not less thrilling in its sustained interest is the story of William Lee in mortal peril. He had charge of a pump tower, and was happy in the love of Kate Denham, the pride of the village, who saw his sterling worth, and frankly admitted, when she accepted him, "I like you better than any of them, but that is no reason why there should be any rubbish between us." How much better her practical love was than any sentimental fancy was soon abundantly proved.

Lee, in the sight and within the hearing of a concealed tramp, showed Kate his store of gold which was to start them in the double harness of married life, and that same evening, after he had left the kiss of betrothal on the lips of Kate, and was at his post of duty attending to his boiler and the pump, the tramp looked in at the door, and said: "Can I have a light, guv'nor?" In the fulness of his glad heart, Lee gave a genial answer, and, over-garrulous as ever, went on to say how much fire and pressure might cause the engine to burst, and, in reply to a further question, said that no one else would be there that night.

"No one is coming here," said Lee, with an emphasis on the last word for the delight of his own ears, and with a smile on his face, for thinking of Kate coming to the corner of the wood to meet him on the way home.

"Ah!" said the tramp, getting up, and keeping his hand on the bar across the head of the well, and his back to the fly-wheel.

"Are you thinking of going?" asked Lee, coming in from the door, and standing in front of the stranger.

"Yes, I must be getting on, and I'd be very much obliged guv'nor, if you'd spare me another fill of tobacco."

"To be sure," said Lee, handing him the tin box.

The hands of the tramp had grown strangely clumsy. He was not able to fill his pipe at once. Something seemed wrong with his fingers, and in the end all the tobacco fell out of the box, and dropped to the floor close to the edge of the well. He stooped to pick it up, but failed to bend low enough.

"My back!" he exclaimed. "I've the rheumatism. Beg pardon, guv'nor; I can't stoop."

"Never mind," said Lee, "I'll get it."

The young man leaned forward under the iron bar, until his hand touched the floor where the tobacco lay, and his head was over the well. Quick as lightning the other man sprang behind the stooping man, and pushed him forward and downward.

With a cry of horror and despair, William Lee shot into the blind abyss of the well.

With a cry like the howl of a wild beast, the tramp leaped upon the jacket lying on the bench, rolled it up in frantic haste, and thrust it under his coat. Then, without looking to the right or left, he dashed out of the engine-house, muttering:—

"Let it burst now and bury him!"

Quite as exciting as this incident is the close of the story, which shows how brave Kate discovers her lover in the forty feet deep pit, and, when he urges her to fly, declares that she will stay and die with him if she cannot save his life. How she does effect this in the nick of time is told so as to bring the curtain down upon life and peace.

READY REFERENCE: THE UNIVERSAL CYCLOPEDIA, COMPILED BY WILLIAM RALSTON BALCH.

(GRIFFITH, FARRAN, OKEDEN, AND WELSH. 8s. 6d.)

In this volume, and within comparatively small compass, may be found enough information upon all sorts of subjects to justify most fully the statement on the title page that it contains everything that everybody wants to know. At the outset we are supplied with an index that whets our appetite for the details which it so abundantly foreshadows, and we are sure that many, while they agree with the author that in this nineteenth century their every day life is too hurried to permit prolonged search after facts, will also thank him heartily for this compact and altogether admirable storehouse, where facts may at once be found.

As we glance over these closely but clearly printed pages, we see records and statistics, quite up to date, of every sort and kind. Hints how to speak, to write, to cook, to farm; suggestions for study and for amusement; lists of the best books on special subjects; advice in case of accidents or illness—these and a hundred other matters of everyday concern to those of all ages and of either sex are so well arranged, and so clearly set forth, as to leave nothing to desire; and the book can claim on its merits a place upon our shelves, not in some obscure corner, but where we can easily lay our hands upon it.

Its contents are, of necessity, for the most part of a dry matter-of-fact character, but they are not without some touches of humour. Six pages are devoted to "Mirthful Games and Parlour Pastimes," and in the article upon "How Words Grow," and the "Dictionary of Things Not Generally Known," there is plenty of amusing and suggestive food for the mind.

We learn that hurrah! comes from a battle-cry of the Norseman, which meant "Thor aid!" that eighty-four million pins, worth £1,000, are lost daily in Europe; that when you bid your friend put his right foot foremost, you unconsciously keep up a custom of the Romans, who placed a boy at their door to see that no one brought an evil omen on the house by stepping into it with his left foot in front; that puss is but a corruption of Pers, the Persian cat. These are but a few taken at random from many similar descriptions of things not generally known, which occur, and are as appropriate, in this solid "Ready Reference" as plums and citron are in a good cake.

THE SQUATTER'S DREAM, BY ROLF BOLDREWOOD.

(MACMILLAN AND CO. 8s. 6d.)

THIS, the latest work from the pen of the author of "Robbery Under Arms," a story of life and adventure in the bush and in the goldfields, takes us again into the very heart of Australian life. Jack Redgrave, a jolly well-to-do young squatter, is the hero of these pages, which are alive with interest and adventure, and in which the necessary local colouring blends well with picturesque descriptions of men and manners.

Plenty of love passages run, as threads of gold, through the rougher material that is so well woven together, and Jack's happiness from this source is at last so absolute and charming as to efface all memories of past anxiety, and so contagious as to force his friend to feel himself a lonely and a miserable man, so that he starts off in search of change, which he finds presently in the form of a pretty loving little wife, whom he brings back rejoicing.

As a contrast to such lighter touches, we have a graphic account of an engagement with a gang of bushrangers. Jack was, it seems, riding peacefully along the river road, thinking only of the manifold perfections of his Maud, when he was startled by the sudden appearance of the Sergeant and his single trooper, who were considered a sufficient force to protect a district quite a hundred miles square.

In reply to Jack's question they told him they were after bushrangers.

The answer set all Jack's pulses beating, for he found that the threatened point was the head-station of his friend Mr. Stangrove, who came up in time to hasten with them to the rescue of his wife and of Maud, who was her guest.

"Here they are!" said the sergeant, "camped on the bank. I can see their saddles; the horses are feeding in the reed-bed. Now, if we can get up pretty close before they see us, we have them."

"All right," said Jack, with the cheerfulness of a man whose spirits are raised by the near approach of danger. "You and Mr. Stangrove get round that clump of gums, and take them in the rear; Kearney and I will slink along close to the bank, till we're near enough to charge. I bet a 'tenner' I have the saddles first. Then they are helpless."

Stangrove handled his revolver impatiently, and, with something between a groan and a reply, rode silently on. The robbers had a good position. Their base of operations was the reed-bed, a labyrinth of cane-like stalks, which rose overhead in the narrow track made by the feet of the stock. They were, however, divided in party and in purpose. Two of them had been detailed to fetch up the horses, and the remainder, having just sighted Redgrave and Constable Kearney, stood to their arms with sufficient determination.

We must leave our readers to see for themselves the sequel which tells how, after a sharp resistance, Redgrave the ringleader submitted his wrists to the iron bracelets of the Sergeant, and how Jack, with a bullet wound in his shoulder, contrived by sheer pluck to hold out, till he reached his friend's door, and then fainted at the moment that his Maud unharmed came out to meet him. Can we leave him in better hands?

That other risks and dangers beset the squatter, besides those which arise from the lawless acts of men, is shown with the power of one who has had personal proof of them.

"So everything has gone well in my absence," said Jack to his lieutenant as they sat placidly smoking after the evening meal. "I began to be a little nervous as I got near home, though why it should be I can't say."

"So well," answered McNab, "that if it were not for the woolshed there would be little to do. Once a month is often enough to muster the paddocks, and the percentage of loss has been very trifling. The sheep are in tip-top condition. The clip will be good and very clean. I hope we'll past our troubles."

"I hope so, too," echoed Jack. "How many sheep are there in the river paddock?"

"Nine thousand odd. You never saw anything like them for condition."

"Isn't there a risk in having them there at this time of the year? The river might come down, and Stangrove told me the greater part of that paddock is under water in a big flood."

"Plenty of time to get them out. If the worst came to the worst we could soon rig a temporary bridge over Anabranch Creek."

"People about here say," objected Jack, "that when a real flood comes down all sorts of places are filled with sheep you wouldn't expect, and sheep are the stupidest thing except pigs—that were ever tried in water and a hurry."

"You needn't be uneasy. I'll have them out of the hours before there is any danger," said McNab, confidently.

A few pages further we are told how the Rain King came, heralded by blasts that roared and raved, how Jack, and McNab, and Help, their matched collie, by dint of the wildest exertions saved half the huge flock from the creek, which stood ten feet deep in water a few minutes after the last of the exhausted mob had mounted the clay bank, and the tired dog crawled up after them, and lay down in the grass.

Taken altogether, this story gives such an insight into the pleasures and perils of a squatter's life, makes it easy for us to understand much of its character and excitement, and it may be of practical value to some in whom the spirit of enterprise is stirring, by showing them away from the many difficulties and disappointments of life in the old country to fresh fields and pastures new.

BRIEF NOTICES.

Tales from "Blackwood." Nos. VIII. and IX. of this fresh series of reprints, which *William Blackwood* and Co. are issuing in alternate months with similar selections, entitled "Travel, Adventure, and Sport," are short and stirring stories which draw their interest from all parts of the world. "Coincidences" tells a strange tale of a young officer who time after time was saved from perilous death, in the hunting field and in the ranks of war, by a native distinguished always by his red turban and grey beard, who was unseen by anyone except the captain, who vouches for his appearance, and who acted thus in the most mysterious manner as the good genius, we might almost say, the guardian angel of the young soldier. "The Twins" is an amusing record of the loves and lives of two charming daughters of the Celestial Empire—Peach Blossom and Convolvulus—and the ingenious way in which they defeated the unwelcome matrimonial designs of their mother, who rejoiced in the singularly appropriate Chinese monosyllabic name Ma. Of the other tales, not one is dry or dry.—"Memoirs of Mighty Men," by J. J. Ellis. 14, Paternoster Row. One penny each; 100 copies assorted, 7s. 6d., post free. The six little paper-bound books of this series which have reached us contain the lives of Burns, Knox, Livingstone, Luther, Moffat, and Wesley. These short but vivid memoirs are capital value for the pocket, which they cost. They are written with freshness and ease, such as is not always found in books with a high aim.

ANNUITIES TO CLERGY AND MINISTERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS. — AND A CHANCE FOR ALL TO MAKE MONEY.

We will give as a charge upon *Pearson's Weekly*, so long as its publication continues, annuities to Clergymen of the Church of England, and to duly ordained Nonconformist Ministers (a term which, for the purposes of this notice, is held to include ministers and priests of every denomination who do belong to the Church of England), who shall be selected by our readers. The number of these annuitants shall be determined by those who interest themselves in this movement, and in the success of the paper from which it issues.

Our conditions are few and simple.

In every copy of *Pearson's Weekly* issued between this date and December 1, 1890, a coupon will be printed similar to that which is at the foot of this page. Each of these coupons will bear the date of the issue on which it appears, and will be sent in on behalf of any Clergyman or Minister. Those Clergymen of the Church of England and Nonconformist Ministers whose names appear on the greatest number of coupons will become our annuitants. Their selection, the number of annuities will be subject to the following rules:—

No person may fill in more than one coupon of the same date. No child under twelve years of age may fill in a coupon. The number of coupons of any issue of this paper sent in on behalf of a candidate must never exceed one-tenth of the whole number sent in for him during the whole time. No voter may sign or fill in more than one coupon from each week's issue, though any person may obtain the signatures of different individuals to any number of coupons bearing the same date. Any number of coupons may be forwarded in any name envelope if they apply to the same person, and have been collected by the sender. Any coupons reaching us after December 1st, 1890, will be distributed. Envelopes should be addressed as shown at foot of this notice.

It will be an assistance to our staff if even numbers of coupons, say ten, or multiples of ten, are sent in one envelope, and if such envelopes are forwarded regularly each week during the period over which our offer extends, rather than kept to accumulate at its close.

The total amount of the annuities will be twice as many pounds per annum as the circulation of *PEARSON'S WEEKLY* averages in thousands between its birth and December 1st of this year. No one will receive more than £100 a year; but the sum, as determined by our circulation, will be given in annuities of £100 so far as it will go at that rate, to those who head the coupon poll, and any surplus will be given to those who come next in number of votes.

These gifts will be continuous, so that whenever the life of an annuitant expires, another will be selected by a similar system to fill the vacant place. No one will ever be awarded to a relative or intimate friend of any member of our staff of this paper.

An instance or two will make matters clear.

If our circulation during the period named averages 100,000 a week a Clergyman of the Church of England, and a Nonconformist Minister will each receive annuity of £100 so long as this paper exists. If the average circulation is 200,000, two other gentlemen, a Clergyman of the Church of England and a Nonconformist Minister, will each receive £40 a year for life. If we circulate an average of 300,000 copies, these two last-mentioned will each receive as much as the two who head the poll, so that there will then be four recipients of a year for life. If 225,000 is reached, two others next on the popular list will each receive £25 a year for life, and so on, should the circulation reach a higher point. Every 1,000 of average circulation will mean an addition to the sum devoted to annuities. These, when once fixed, will be unchangeable.

Those who are chosen by our readers to receive these *Pearson's Weekly* annuities will, of course, be entirely free to deal with the money as they please. We are prepared to pay it quarterly in advance, so soon as a decision has been reached, and the first cheques will be despatched from our offices on December 1st, 1890, to prove, we sincerely hope, welcome New Year's gifts to those who are to make good use of them.

Coupons may be forwarded by anybody—clergyman or layman, man, woman, child.

In order to stimulate interest in this unique scheme, we have further decided to devote the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS to the purpose of giving for their necessary trouble those who send in the greatest number of coupons; so that those who enter heartily into this idea will not only have the pleasure of doing good to others, but will also benefit themselves.

We will give £50 to the person from whom the largest number of coupons are sent; £25 to the one whose number comes next; £15 to the third; and £10 to the fourth. Those who do not care to try for these sums should leave blank the space provided for name of sender on each coupon, and must not put the name of themselves outside the envelopes they forward. We shall be glad to answer any questions regarding either of our offers.

It must be most distinctly understood that in the above awards the decision of the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* will be absolutely final.

Results will appear in our Christmas Number, published December 18th. Strict investigation will be made before the awards are decided, and in compliance with any of the regulations will be absolutely disqualifying. Remember that any bookseller or newsagent in the United Kingdom who sends *Pearson's Weekly*, and that the more diligently the paper is inquired for, the more readily it will be obtained everywhere.

Full notice of this scheme as it appeared in our first number will be sent to anyone who applies personally or by post at our office for it. We will send a quantity of these reproductions to anyone who will guarantee to use them judiciously.

Stamp.

Name of Sender (optional)
Number of Coupons enclosed

THE EDITOR,
Pearson's Weekly,
Temple Chambers,
LONDON, E.C.

ANNUITY COUPON, SEPT. 13, 1890.

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Address

.....
hereby certify that I have read the
current number of *Pearson's Weekly*, and
that in my opinion,
The Rev.
(State here whether Church of
England or Nonconformist)
Address
.....
is a fitting candidate for the annuities
offered.
Name of sender (optional).....
Address

The Daily Graphic
Is going ahead.

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ONE PENNY, ILLUSTRATED.

OF ALL NEWSAGENTS.

Publishing Offices:
MILFORD LANE, STRAND.

Consumption,
Catarrh,
Bronchitis,
Asthma,
AND
DISEASES OF
THE THROAT
AND RESPIRA-
TORY ORGANS,
POSITIVELY
Curable by an
entirely
New Remedy.

FRIENDLESS
AND
FALLEN.

London Female Preventive
and Reformatory Institution.

ESTABLISHED 1857.

SUSTAINS THE FOLLOWING
HOMES.

Preventive Homes
Especially for Friendless Girls in their teens.
No. of
Inmates.

The Jubilee Home, 7, Parson's Green, S.W.	60
185, Hampstead Road, N.W.	18
459, Holloway Road, N.	80
Total	98

Reformatory Homes.

200, Euston Road, N.W.	24
85, Eden Grove, Holloway	83
Milton House, Brompton	30
The Holt-Vates Memorial Home, 5, Parson's Green	80
Total	117

Open all Night Refuge.

87, Manchester Street, W.C. (visited every
morning to arrange permanent help to
new comers)

Total number of inmates to maintain .. 236

OBJECTS.

1. To seek the destitute and fallen by volun-
tary missionary effort.
2. To afford temporary protection to friend-
less young women, also to effect the rescue of
fallen females, especially those decoyed from
the country, by admitting them to the benefit
of the Homes.
3. To restore, when practicable, the reclaimed
to family and friends, whether in town or
country.

SUMMARY FOR THE YEAR 1889:

Admitted to the Homes	559
Do. Special Homes	19
Do. Night Refuge	816
Total new cases	1,094
Re-admissions:—	
To Homes	175
" Refuge	417
Total	592
Ats required daily to sustain all the Homes one day.	1,686
Donations URGENTLY NEEDED to carry on the Homes.	

REMITTANCE OF CONTRIBUTIONS:

Contributions will be thankfully received by
the Bankers, "Lloyds' Bank, Limited, 73, Lon-
don Street, E.C., and 54, St. James's Street,
S.W." Frank Nicholls, Esq. (of the Committee),
14, Old Jewry Chambers, E.C., or

EDWARD W. THOMAS, Secretary.
200, Euston Road, London, N.W.

Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed
on the Bankers as above.

NEW VOLUME NOW READY.

SELL'S
DIRECTORY of REGISTERED
Telegraphic
Addresses
COMBINED WITH
SELL'S
TELEGRAPHIC
CODE.
Price 5s.

The arduous task of collecting these
Telegraphic Addresses was under-
taken by Mr. Sell, solely in the
interests of the Commercial World,
after the Postmaster-General had
refused to issue an official list. The
want of such a Directory is obvious,
and the very commendatory manner
in which previous numbers have been
noticed by all the important news-
papers in the Kingdom has encouraged
the compiler to make every effort to
to render each volume as complete
as possible. That the Commercial
World have appreciated the work
in its new and enlarged form is
evinced by the following selections of
recent Press Opinions:—

GLOBE says:—
From Sell's Advertising Agency, Fleet
Street, there has been issued "Sell's
Directory of Registered Telegraphic
Addresses, combined with Sell's Tele-
graphic Code." This is by far the most
complete thing of the kind yet published,
and it is intended to supplement it with
the necessary additions and corrections
each quarter, one subscription covering
the three further quarterly issues.—
Globe.

NEWS OF THE WORLD says:—
"Sell's Directory of Registered Tele-
graphic Addresses, combined with Sell's
Telegraphic Code," is of the greatest
service, not only to men of business
who largely advertise, but to all con-
nected with commerce in its varying
branches.—*News of the World*.

NEWCASTLE DAILY CHRONICLE says:—
"Sell's Directory of Telegraphic Ad-
dresses" is a work of reference which
has in a very short time grown to con-
siderable proportions. It is fairly
entitled to be described as 'a directory
of the largest commercial houses in
the kingdom,' and, as such, is valuable
to all firms whose business requires
them to make extensive use of the post
or telegraph. The book is divided into
three sections, the first giving the full
names and addresses of firms, with their
respective telegraphic addresses opposite
them; the second is a list of telegraphic
addresses alphabetically arranged; and
the third consists of 'Sell's Telegraphic
Code' which is arranged on simple
principles and is being very generally
adopted by the subscribers to the
Directory."—*Newcastle Daily Chronicle*.

BELFAST MORNING NEWS says:—
"Sell's Directory of Telegraphic
Addresses."—We have received a copy
of this now celebrated publication, and
we notice that for the first time "Sell's
Telegraphic Code" forms part of the
book. There can be no doubt that the
combination will be of practical use to
subscribers, and will be a considerable
saving of time and money in sending
telegraphic messages.—*Belfast Morning
News*.

Of all Booksellers and at Railway
Stations; or of SELL'S Advertising
Agency, Ltd., 167, 168 & 169, Fleet
Street, London.

WHAT CAN WE TELL YOU?

THE very young gentlemen of this country are hereby informed that in eighteen or twenty years' time one of them will have a chance of uniting himself to a young lady blessed with a marriage portion.

MR. H. MILLEDGE,
ENSBURY,
LONGFLEET ROAD,
POOLE,

informs us that the £5 note which he has received on account of the fact that his little daughter saw the light sooner, so far as we have been informed, after the publication of the number of this paper dated August 80, than anyone else, will be applied to the purpose of forming a nucleus for her dowry. We hope that Miss Milledge may, in the course of time, be as fortunate in the matter of her marriage as she has been in that of her birth. Her father's receipt for the money is appended.

Received from the Proprietors of "Pearson's Weekly" £5 on account of the birth of my daughter, which occurred at 12.50 noon, on Thursday, August 28.

H. MILLEDGE.

X.Y.Z. says—"I am fourteen years old, and want to be an editor. Will you please tell me what I must do to qualify myself for such a post?"—The wisdom of Solomon; the patience of Job; the learning of a Tyndal, a Socrates, a Newton, and a Plato combined; the inventive faculties of an Edison; the strategical abilities of a Napoleon—to be called into exercise when wrathful contributors, whose efforts have been rejected, invade the office—blended with the capacity for work possessed by a healthy traction-engine, are a few of the requirements necessary for one who aspires to this post. Our innate modesty prevents us from extending the list. X.Y.Z. may rest assured that there are plenty of ways of earning a living a good deal easier than editing, while there are very few in which more people think they can excel, and try accordingly.

W. T. wishes to be informed why the soldier's dress is not so popular for small boys as the sailor's. —No doubt the fact that sailors are greater favourites with the public than soldiers has something to do with this, though probably the reason lies rather in the loose, easy costume of a sailor, which is far more suitable for a boy than the tight, precise garments worn by Tommy Atkins.

C. B. A. suggests that we should have a dream competition. The idea of this is that we should give a cash prize to the competitor who sends in a description of the most wonderful dream. —It seems to us that, as there could be no possible proof whether competitions were the result of dreams or of the imagination, this would simply be offering money to the person capable of telling the biggest lie. We forgot, though, that, of course, readers of this paper would be quite above attempting to gain anything under false pretences; but still, such a competition would be so great a temptation to exercise the inventive faculty, that we think it better to leave it alone.

H. A. J.—Yes; we do propose publishing Questions Worth Answering in book form. We shall do this also with HOME NOTES. The two books will be issued when this paper has celebrated its second birthday. Each will be carefully indexed. The number of complimentary letters which we have received with regard to HOME NOTES leads us to expect that their issue in book form will prove very popular.

INDIGNANT.—A sense of impending disaster has been hanging over our heads for days. Now we know why. When we talked of starting this paper some of our friends hinted that it might not be an altogether wise proceeding, but we little thought the end would come so soon. We have telegraphed to our paper maker to cut down supplies, and have advised the printers that they may as well look about for another job to keep the machines going. The wholesale trade have also been notified of your intention. No doubt, they will manage to so regulate matters that the fact you have ceased to purchase a copy every week will save them from utter confusion. And to think that we might have been saved from this disaster had we inserted your question. Certainly, some of those who reply to Questions Worth Answering, might have hinted that it would be a trifle hard to ascertain the exact distance swum daily by all the fish in the sea, but if we had known the terrible consequences of omitting to put this to them, we would ourselves have undertaken to tack a pedometer to the tail of every inmate of the deep, and tabulated the records obtained. However, it is too late for regrets. We must set ourselves to the, we fear, hopeless task of pulling this "miserable attempt at a paper," through the serious crisis that threatens its existence. The fact that you are "going to buy one more copy to see our explanation" is our only hope.

JUSTICE thus objects to the recent addition to our heading:—"I see on the front of your last issue you have placed the words, 'Not a newspaper,' under the title. Now, in my opinion, this is wrong. *Pearson's Weekly* is a newspaper according to the strict meaning of the word. On referring to 'Nuttall's Dictionary' I find the following on page 461, 'News, recent account, information, tidings, intelligence; a newspaper,' and a few lines underneath the meaning of 'newspaper' is given, as 'a sheet of paper printed and distributed periodically, for circulating news.' Now, *Pearson's Weekly* is a sheet of paper printed, and distributed periodically, and contains a large amount of information; therefore, my opinion is that it is a newspaper in the proper meaning of the word."

—Strictly speaking, no doubt, our correspondent's view is a correct one, but we wanted to eradicate the opinion which we found had sprung up in some quarters that *Pearson's Weekly* was a newspaper in the sense that *LORD'S WEEKLY NEWS* is. We wish you could persuade the Postmaster-General to regard this question in the same light as you do, for if he would register this publication as a newspaper, the postage would cost one halfpenny per copy instead of a penny.

R. says—"I suppose you must be about tired of good wishes, for one can have too much of even a good thing. I remember I once had too many sweets when a boy, which is a miracle."—Of such friendly letters as we still daily receive from new readers we shall never tire. R.'s remarks lead us to once more thank their senders for the kindly spirit which has prompted them to welcome this paper. We would never have believed that so many would have troubled to write expressing their appreciation of the efforts of those who are responsible for these pages. We feel it is ungracious to reply to all the well-wishers who have written in such general terms as these. We trust that they will believe that it is unwillingness to occupy space with what would seem ostentatious display, rather than to acknowledge their letters individually, which leads us to do so. We take this opportunity to tender our thanks to the writer of the one uncomplimentary missive that we have received. It took the form of a postcard, the sender of which has our heartfelt sympathy if he really thinks that paper is spelt with three "p's," and that it is customary to use a small "i" when writing in the first person.

W. H. B. asks to be informed who is the greatest living wit. —Why, the Editor of Fiction, to be sure. N.B.—He stood over us with his heaviest joke in one hand and a revolver in the other while we wrote that. If we were not afraid of his letting that joke drop upon us, we would put this reply into his page.

Will the proposers of Questions 68 in our last issue and 79 in this, be good enough to send their names and addresses in order that we may forward the half-crown that each of them has earned.

E. K. tells of the newest advertising dodges:—"The latest idea of the advertisement man is now to be seen parading Cheapside and the lanes of the City. Two boys, dressed as if fresh from the country, in smocks, gaiters, laced boots, yellow neckties, and slouch hats, walk side by side, one carrying a large brown paper parcel, and the other a big envelope, closed and apparently addressed. They appear anxious to find some house of business, and many kindly passers-by stop to direct them, only to find that on the envelope is an advertisement of a celebrated article for domestic use. Another form of advertisement resorted to by a tradesman in the south of London takes the shape of presenting a pint of beer to each of his Sunday morning customers."

M. M.—It is rather too soon to express any definite opinion as to the extent to which the Clergy Annuity Scheme is being taken up. There is no question that it has excited a good deal of interest.

Quite a number of correspondents have been carrying out the experiment, recently mentioned by "R. S.," who said that if the letters on the cover of this paper were looked at in a strong light, they became green, and quite a number more have sent us explanations of this curious fact. We append that supplied by "F. W. F.":—"At the outset, let me mention that 'R. S.'s' sight is a perfectly normal one, as the following explanation proves. When one looks at a brightly illuminated red surface for a few seconds, the sensitive element of the eye, the retina, on which the light falls, becomes fatigued for the red rays, and on still keeping the eye fixed on the red surface (or, better still, by removing the visual organ to a white surface), what is termed the "complementary colour" is seen. In the case of red the complementary colour is green, for we know that by compounding together the two colours red and green, white light will be produced. If your correspondent looks steadily, say, at a green leaf, for thirty seconds or so, and then fixes his gaze on a white piece of paper he will find that after a short period an outline of the leaf will appear on the paper, but, in this case, the leaf will appear to him of a reddish tint, owing to the 'retina' having become fatigued by the green rays, as explained."

M. K. W. writes:—"Your correspondent, 'A. C. C.' who proposes that churches should be left open on week-days, may not be aware of the fact that most country churches are left open for 'prayer and meditation' (as a notice informs readers), during certain hours of the day. I think that this practice is to be highly commended, not only for the country, but also for towns. There are many business men who are obliged to go about a lot in the City, and who go into public-houses to rest themselves, not because they require refreshment, but because they are tired. Now, I am sure that if the churches were open many would go into them in preference to the public-houses, and, being in church, they would be likely to have better thoughts than they would in a public-house. It may seem that there would be a great chance of lowering the moral influence of churches if this were the practice, but I think that it would at least be worth the risk."

J. R. B. wishes to be informed whether it is a fact that the majority of men who wear spectacles have brains of more than ordinary capacity. —Seeing that one of the most prevalent causes of short sight is excessive poring over books, and that learned men are in the nature of things more addicted to this than others, it probably is true that in proportion to their numbers spectacled mortals are more crammed with knowledge than those whose eyes require no artificial aid. N.B.—The editor of this paper wears glasses; but of course he doesn't allow this to bias his view of the case.

GULLED wishes us to advise London readers to be on their guard against a new street swindle. He says:—"In one of the market thoroughfares in the south of London I saw a man who was selling books by auction. His method of procedure was as follows:—'Now then, gentlemen, I have here one more little lot, five first-class novels.' (Here he untied a parcel containing five books, having the following titles:—'The Diamond Coterie,' 'The Mountain Mystery,' 'Knights of Courage,' 'The Banahoe,' 'Lucy Lambert.') 'You have here, gents, a parcel of books published for 2s. 6d. My price is 1s. 6d., 1s.; here, have 'em for 10d., 8d., 6d. Pass up yer tanner.' I was foolish enough to pass mine up, and received, in return, the five novels. Imagine my disgust when, on opening the parcel, I found that they were old magazines and two books about 'Early Quakerism,' slipped into the covers of the novels—all absolutely unreadable. I should think he sold three dozen packets, at least, in about five minutes."

A WELLWISHER.—Meerschaum is a magnesian mineral found in Greece, Turkey, and a few other countries, and is used by Tartars for cleaning linen, somewhat in the same manner as Fuller's earth is used with us. The word meerschaum is a compound of two Greek words, meaning "sea-foam," the name applied to this mineral on account of its lightness and white colour.

Already we find the space at disposal in this page for answering queries lamentably insufficient. We will gladly reply by post to those readers who care to enclose stamped envelopes with their letters of enquiry. All general letters accompanied by stamped envelopes will be answered.

OUR TERMS FOR LITERARY WORK.

We propose to pay for accepted original matter at the rate of TWO GUINEAS A COLUMN, a rate higher, we believe, than any in periodical literature. Litterateurs must please understand that it is useless to send any but very high-class matter. We have an able permanent staff perfectly capable of producing sufficient to meet requirements, but rather than depend solely upon their efforts, we should like to receive assistance from smart outside contributors. So if any writer has an article or a story of real and striking originality, let him recognise the fact that he can turn it to more profitable account here than elsewhere. We do not require any hashed-up matter, of the "Queer Epitaphs" or "Curious Wagers" style. To send anything of the kind would be only to waste contributors' time and our own.

Senders of MSS. should bear in mind the fact that though we endeavour to insure the safe return of those which are unsuitable, and with which stamped envelopes are enclosed, we disclaim any responsibility in this respect. Neither can we undertake the custody of unsuitable MSS., so those with which stamped envelopes are not sent will be destroyed.

POSTAL RATES.

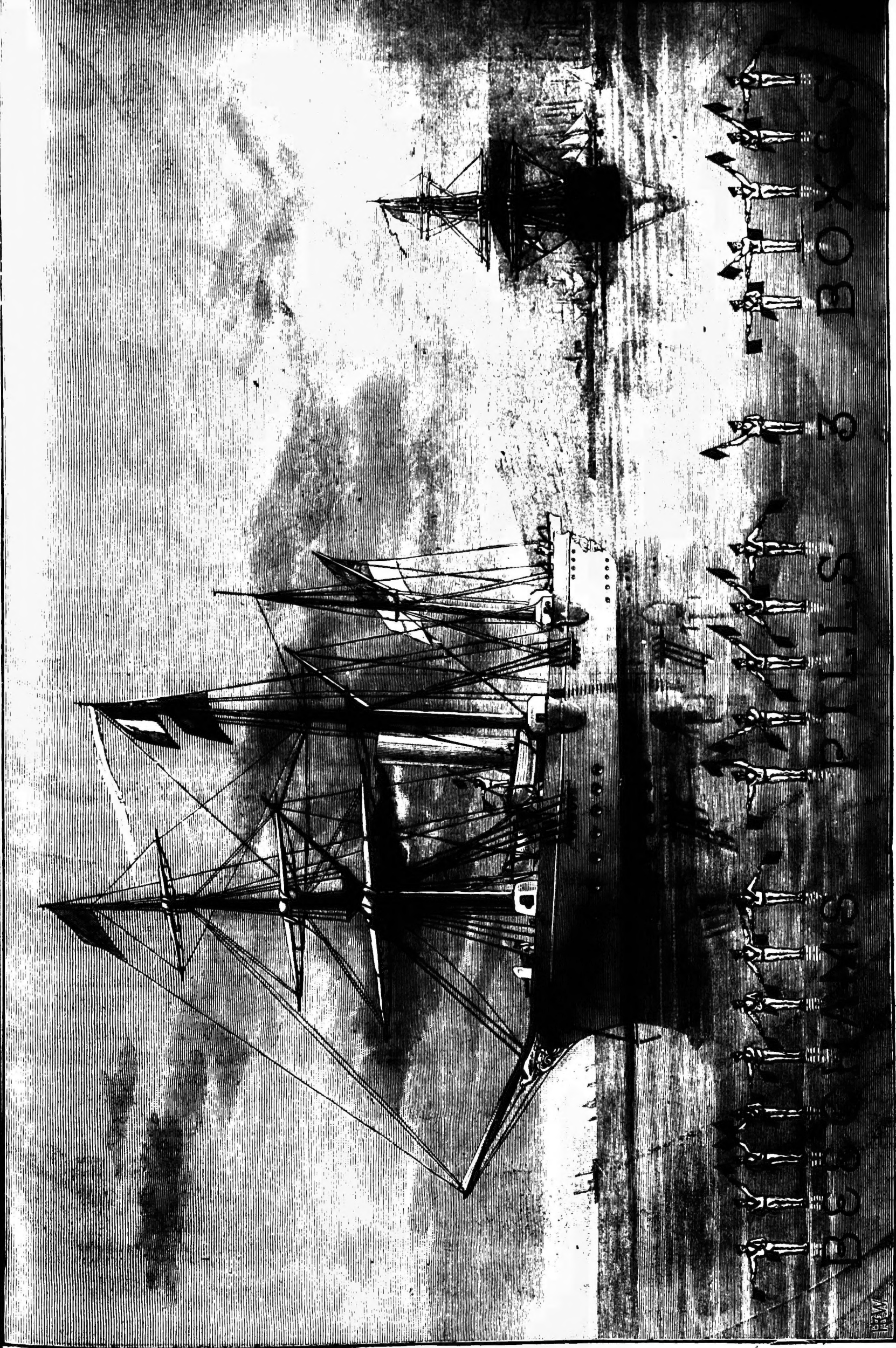
Pearson's Weekly will be sent direct from the offices, post free, to any country within the Postal Union, at the following rates, prepaid:—

	s.	d.
One Year.....	8	8
Half Year	4	4
Three Months.....	2	2

Postage (at book rates) being a penny a copy.

Offices: Temple Chambers, London, E.C.

Printed at the Fleet Printing Works, 14, Whitechapel Street, London, E.C., for the Proprietors, and published by them, September 18th, 1890.



Extract from a Naval Officer's Journal.—Montevideo, December 17th, 1889.—H.M.S. "Swallow" (gun vessel) arrived to-day from Rio de Janeiro (where she had been sent on account of the recent Revolution) with yellow fever on board, and was, of course, placed in strict quarantine. Being so near Christmas, many luxuries were required from the shore, and she signalled us a long list of necessities for the festive season to be sent out in the quarantine boat. Among the first of the articles on the list was BEECHAM'S PILLS. 3 BOXES FOR THE CAPTAIN!

Player's Navy Cut

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT
CIGARETTES

Can now be obtained of all leading Tobacconists,
Stores, &c., in packets containing 12.

SMOKE PLAYER'S NAVY CUT. Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking. Ask at all Tobacco Sellers, Stores, &c., and Take no Other than PLAYER'S NAVY CUT. The Genuine bears the Trade Mark "Nottingham Castle" on every Packet. Sold ONLY in 1 oz. Packets, and 2 oz. and 4 oz. Tins.

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Patented and Registered.

PRIZE MEDAL.

FOO-CHOW REAL CHINESE ENAMEL.

Gold.
Silver.
Fire.
Green.
Bronze
AND
ALL COLORS.

NO SMELL. SIMPLY PERFECT.
DRIES in FIVE MINUTES.

FOO-CHOW ENAMEL METAMORPHOSES the Most Unsightly Articles into really Handsome and Serviceable Goods.

FOO-CHOW ENAMEL is cleanly and pleasant to use, hardens rapidly, and gets harder with time, has a brilliant, permanent gloss, and is impervious to moisture. There is not an article which Foo-Chow Enamel cannot beautify. For Ladies' work, for house decoration, for renewing faded furniture, for bric-a-brac generally, there is nothing like it. The Gold, Silver, and Bronze are simply invaluable, the effect being equal to leaf gilding. For Baths it is made in White, Aqua Marine, and Cerulean Blue. There is nothing made equal to Foo-Chow Enamel for re-enamelling baths *in situ*.

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IDEALISES THE REAL,
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"Lady Weibers has much pleasure in stating that she is delighted with the FOO-CHOW ENAMEL for artistic purposes, not only for its appearance, but the ease and comfort with which it facilitates artistic work."

**THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS RECEIVED
FROM EVERY QUARTER OF THE GLOBE.**

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**MADE IN ALL THE ART COLOURS, AND EACH COLOUR
IS INTERMIXABLE.**

Send for **PATTERN CARD**, which will be forwarded **POST FREE** on application to the Manufacturers.

FOO-CHOW ENAMEL is Sold Everywhere in Sixpenny and One Shilling Tins, or direct from the Manufacturers (free stamps extra).

DONALD MACPHERSON & CO., KNOT MILL, MANCHESTER.

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